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'GIVE PEACE A CHANCE'

On Pilgrimage to Washington

KENNETH G. GROSS

RETOOLING A PARTY

The Democrats Confront 1970

reports from

California
Ohio
Illinois
New York
Michigan
Pennsylvania

OIL / Robert Engler

Harold Clurman on Meyerhold

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LETTERS

many thanks

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A possible explanation of the pile of letters on Mr. Nixon's desk the day after his speech may lie in what happened to my letter. I wrote deploring the speech in very definite terms. No one who read the letter could think I support him. Last week I received an engraved card thanking me for my support and happy that so many like me believe in the President's aims!

From now on I will believe the more sophisticated young people who said to me: "Don't write. It's useless." This time it was more than useless, it was used.

Ruth K. Goldberg

target

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Thank you very much for sending me the copy of *The Nation* containing William D. Phelan's article, "Nixon's 'Southern Strategy': The Authoritarian Prescription" [Nov. 3]. It is pretty frightening, but I think it is right on target.

George Wald

correction

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: In my article, "Man in Nature: Model for a New Radicalism" [*The Nation*, Nov. 10] I quoted from a letter by Dr. Gordon S. Livingston, medical officer returned from Vietnam, and mistakenly gave his name as George. I regret this error.

Catherine Riegger Harris

code for sorcerers

Leeds, England

DEAR SIRS: In "Modern Biology: A Terrifying Power" by S. E. Luria [*The Nation*, Oct. 20] Professor Luria presents the problem honestly. If his solution is pitifully inadequate, it is through no personal failing of his but because of an outdated conception of the moral problems and responsibilities of science. In effect, he tells us that civilization had better catch up quickly, lest it be unable to cope with the knowledge that he and his colleagues are determined to create.

A moratorium on research is for him "the least rational and least effective" approach, since "the human enterprise depends on freedom of inquiry." But he should know that moratoriums on research are imposed daily, whenever one application for a research grant is passed over in favor of another. The usual criterion for rejection is roughly that the cost/benefit ratio is too high in comparison with other competing projects. Costs are now assessed in money and manpower; there is no reason in principle why they should not include social and ecological dangers. They would then be incapable of assessment in quantitative terms, but scientific benefits are similarly nonquantifiable.

"Free inquiry" in science has been a straightforward principle only since the time when inquiry into nature has been considered a straightforward process, producing knowledge and power in a manageable measure. Up to the 17th century . . . "knowledge too powerful to be revealed" was believed to exist, and practitioners of the magical arts had a severe code of sharing secrets only with tested initiates. It is noteworthy that even Francis Bacon, who believed that natural knowledge was a revelation of God's works and so inherently good, had the scientists of "Solomon's House" taking an oath of secrecy, and collectively deciding what to reveal to the state and what to suppress. Norbert Wiener

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EDITORIALS

Freedom To Cheer

Several conclusions may be drawn about Vice President Agnew's ominous Des Moines speech. It is now clear, if there was ever any doubt, that Agnew's pursuit of "the tough line" has been at Nixon's instigation. The Des Moines media speech admittedly reflects White House "concerns"; if it was not written, it was "developed" there. It was from there that the "invite Agnew" message was unexpectedly flashed to the Republican faithful in Des Moines. It was the White House that asked Dean Burch, formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee and now Chairman of the FCC, to request transcripts of TV commentaries on Nixon's Vietnam speech—just to underscore the threat to the networks. The timing of the speech in relation to the Washington demonstrations leaves no doubt that it was intended to put the networks off stride on November 15. At Des Moines, the voice was Agnew's but the ideas were Nixon's. As Senator McCarthy said, Agnew is "Nixon's Nixon."

Agnew's speech was not designed to criticize the networks; on the contrary the purpose was to suppress network criticism. Many aspects of network news coverage and commentary are indeed vulnerable, but Agnew was not urging improvement, he was threatening interference. Henceforth the networks must be "positive" in what they say about the Administration, notably in relation to Vietnam—"or else."

Nixon boasts that his speech on Vietnam was warmly received by the people and the Congress, and the networks brought it to them. Why, then, did he zero in on the networks? He acted as he did because, despite all those telegrams, he panicked. His canny political sense told him that the general reaction was negative, even though the polls indicated "support for the President." The Administration was also determined to minimize the effect of the Washington demonstrations and, to this end, it demanded network cooperation.

It was not the networks alone that were attacked. A week after his Des Moines speech, Mr. Agnew let fly at the nation's press, particularly *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. (His platform, the Alabama Chamber of Commerce in Montgomery, was well chosen for a display of fist-shaking at the "Eastern Establishment.") Newspapers like these do not frighten as easily as networks, nor do they operate by government license, and the Vice President was careful to avoid covert threats. He also displayed a sorry ignorance of newspaper practice, excoriating the *Times* for ignoring a story which it in fact covered in detail—but not in time for the early edition he had read in Washington.

As in Des Moines, Mr. Agnew opened from a valid position: that the reduction of newspapers in the country over the past decade or so is regrettable (*The New York Times*, like other papers, has frequently deplored it.) But he soon got around to the point that the real fault of the press is that it does not invariably share his views as to what the facts are or how they should be handled. And yet his attempt to equate dissent with violence—in the face of the superb discipline shown in Washington on

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November 15 (see page 591)—is but another example of his almost total (indeed almost totalitarian) contempt for the truth.

We have heard such charges before, including the conspiratorial references to "a gaggle of commentators," "a handful of men," and the rest of it. What Agnew wants, what the President wants, is subservient media, as Nixon made clear in his "farewell" tongue-lashing of the press in California in 1962. President Johnson was not above trying to whip the networks into line, and President Kennedy tried his hand at "coordinating" the press, but never before have we had the threat to the media stated with such unmistakable directness. Those who fail to read the dangers implicit in it should not be heard to complain when, in the future, the squeeze catches them.

Agnew told his audience that they could read his speech in the next day's edition of the Des Moines *Register*. What they actually read in those fine pages was a first-rate account of the origins and purposes of the speech. As a postscript, we note that it remains to be seen how well the networks will stand up to Nixon's threat. Their first reactions were fairly good; but if they behave according to old habit, the network executives will begin to "reassess" their position and "sweeten" their coverage. They will deny doing so, but they will toe the line. So we predict, hoping to be proved wrong.

The Disaffection Spreads

Although the evidence is impressionistic and sketchy, there is good reason to believe that disaffection with the war has spread farther in area and involved far more people than at any time in the past. The real grass roots have now begun to show signs of disillusion, as in Wyoming (*The Nation*, November 17), and in the Ozarks (as *The New York Times* reports), and in historically belligerent Dodge City, Kan., where the Mayor recently told *The Wall Street Journal*: "This thing has made a complete turn-around. People here feel that all we're doing is sending our people over there for a useless cause—and with no end in sight."

The ferment has also spread into the once-quiet campus of Denison College, in Granville, Ohio (*Wall Street Journal*, October 24); and from Stevens Point, Wis., Anthony Lewis describes in *The New York Times* (October 29) a "Change in the Heartland." But more important is a report, in the *Times* of November 16, that San Diego, a city directly dependent on military spending, is now sharply divided over the war. This study indicates that much of the discontent is found in individuals who are *against the protesters* but also against the war.

It is symptomatic that whereas hawks become doves, one does not read of doves who turn hawk. A Gallup poll of November 12 detects a dramatic shift from hawk to dove category since 1967. Attempts to whip up sentiment for the war have been pathetic; counter-rallies in New Jersey and New York have not been successful. The fact seems to be that very few groups are *for the war*; if Mr. Nixon has a majority silently backing him, it seems to be made up of those who support him because they believe

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that he is trying to end the war. In the absence of deeds, that faith will not endure.

It is significant, too, that anti-war sentiment is now to be heard among business executives, white-collar workers, and also in the blue-collar sectors. On the West Coast, where employment in the aerospace industry has dropped sharply, most aerospace executives "believe an end to the war in Vietnam would prove a boon to their industry as deferred programs were funded by the Department of Defense" (*The New York Times*, November 16).

Sketchy as this evidence is, it does indicate that President Nixon is under greater pressure than he supposes. The majority endorse his promises; he has borrowed this support on a moral IOU, and time ran out on that loan when Vietnam became Nixon's war.

Private Line

There is considerably less—and more—than meets the eye in AT&T's recent $150 million reduction in long-distance rates. At first glance, $150 million is a substantial sum. Actually, it is only a shade more than 1 per cent of AT&T's 1968 operating revenues of $14.4 billion—and it is $25 million *less* than the local rate increases Bell is seeking in New York State alone (in the nation, Bell wants another $202 million in higher local rates).

More important, the reduction package will result in tacit abandonment of the 7-to-7.5 per cent return which the FCC found "appropriate" for AT&T after its 1965-67 rate case: it will increase AT&T's authorized profit to at least 8.5 per cent. Each hike of 0.1 per cent takes another $24 million from phone users' pockets, and the difference between a return of 7 and 8.5 per cent is $360 million. That is a lot of windfall profit even for AT&T.

The 1965-67 rate case was important because it marked the first time since the FCC's founding in 1934 that it had conducted a public inquiry into phone pricing, with outside parties given a chance to challenge Bell's financial policies, and with Bell required to justify them.

But men act behind closed doors as they would not in public. By early 1969, AT&T's swelling volume of business and advancing technology had driven its profits to at least 8.5 per cent, and a 9 per cent return was projected for 1970. So Bell huddled with FCC members and staff for a curious ritual known as "continuous surveillance." The issues were whether to cut Bell back to 7.5 per cent or raise the limit; and what reductions were necessary to blunt the steady rise in profits.

FCC member Nicholas Johnson describes what happened: "Virtually all the information was selected, packaged and presented by Bell—there was no direct case from our staff or outside representatives. . . . The negotiating process depends on the skill and dedication of the negotiators—and a company with a single position faces a multi-member commission with a variety of positions. There are no limits on the lobbying effort by the company—to staff or commissioners—since *ex parte* rules do not apply."

With only Johnson dissenting, the FCC gave Bell the higher return, cutting rates only far enough to hold Bell to the new 8.5 per cent ceiling. Further, states Johnson, "the content of the FCC majority's press release announcing the 'reduction' was negotiated with Bell officials, who are clearly concerned as much with publicity as with profits."

Johnson calls the decision a "*de facto* modification without hearing of the commission's 1967 order." Courts have held that no legal redress is available for decisions reached under the "continuous surveillance" system, since there are no adversary parties. But, as Johnson suggests, "the fact that the commission recently made an on-the-record determination, and now changes it without hearing, may present a different legal situation." Representative Bingham (D., N.Y.) is looking into possible legal action to block implementation of an agreement he calls an "outrageous deception."

In other words, the time is ripe for an outside party—such as the New York City Consumer Affairs Department, which is well staffed and well financed, and which was denied an opportunity to participate in the 1969 closed-door meetings—to go into court and demand that the FCC set phone rates in public, and not in cozy privacy with AT&T officials.

Bombs, Bombs Everywhere

The United States is pockmarked with bombs and missile warheads. The TNT variety was bad enough, but old-fashioned "high" explosives are used nowadays only in little wars like the one in Vietnam. By all indications some 40,000 *nuclear* bombs are stored or deployed in the territorial United States alone. Despite Pentagon reassurances, this awesome arsenal presents a clear and present danger not only to the nations on whose cities and atomic plants the missiles are targeted but to the people of the United States. That is one more reason for hoping that the SALT negotiations may succeed in curbing the nuclear arms race.

The facts are detailed in an article in the December *True*: "Is There an A-Bomb in Your Backyard?" by Stuart Loory of the *Los Angeles Times* bureau in Washington. Loory made a cross-country tour, studied the unclassified literature, and interviewed armed service and Atomic Energy Commission public-information officers who, as one would expect, gave him precious little information. He came up with a count of at least 100 localities in this country where nuclear weapons are made, stored, maintained, tested or deployed. At one of these, the Manzano storage depot just outside Albuquerque, Loory believes there are enough nuclear explosives to annihilate all life on the planet. At Goose Creek, S.C., near Charleston, an accidental explosion would take out not only all of South Carolina but also portions of North Carolina and Georgia. If the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot in New Jersey went up, nothing much would be left of metropolitan New York. The situation is the same for most of the other centers of population and industry.

The Pentagon would have us believe that the risk of accidental explosion is "essentially nil." It is true that while there have been a good many accidents involving nuclear devices, the nuclear material has never been detonated unintentionally. From this record, however, one

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cannot assume that the hazard is of the order of one chance in a billion, a million, or even one in ten thousand. Back in 1960, some members of the Mershon Center for Education in National Security at Ohio State University published a carefully researched monograph: "Accidental Wars: Some Dangers in the 1960s." They concluded that the chance of an accidental nuclear explosion in the ensuing decade was approximately 1 per cent. Those odds have been good enough to date, but will they continue so into the 1970s, with ever more bombs being added to the arsenal? The risk of accidental explosion of one of our bombs may be greater than that of enemy attack.

An aspect of this insanity that Loory does not discuss is that much of the activity is completely useless. For instance, the Army is proud of the fact that its Nike-Hercules system, involving seventy-five sites with a total of hundreds of missiles, is on a full wartime footing twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year. Each missile carries or can carry a warhead of Hiroshima size. But this is an anti-*aircraft* system, and the chances of China or the Soviet Union launching aircraft against us really are "essentially nil."

Six Bomarc missile sites, likewise for defense against aircraft, are located near military bases and at two civilian airports. A Bomarc started to launch itself in 1960 while the crew were eating. The men were able to reach the missile in time to abort the launch. It was later conjectured by an informed observer that a combination of passing police cars and a tune played by a local disk jockey had combined into an electronic jumble that fed into the Bomarc's computer as a firing signal.

A bomber carrying two 24-megaton nuclear bombs crashed near Goldsboro, N.C., after jettisoning one of the bombs, which was equipped with the usual six safety locks. After the impact, four of these were found to be in the "go" position. Ralph Lapp, an expert on nuclear weapons, says that five were actually in the "go" position. If so, only a single safety lock stood between the people of North Carolina and catastrophe.

The secrecy surrounding nuclear weaponry is an insult to journalists and to all sensible men. The Atomic Energy Commission spends some $2 billion a year producing nuclear weapons, yet all information regarding the storage depots is supposedly classified; it is even denied that the depots exist. Everybody in Albuquerque knows about the Manzano base, but it was still on the top secret list when Loory was working on his story. And now we are on the way to building another dangerous, fearfully expensive ABM system to supplant or complement Nike-Hercules; there will be more secrecy and more danger.

Poison Bullets—For What?

According to a *New York Times* story (October 31) by Robert M. Smith, the Army has stockpiled at Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas 20,000 bullets containing the toxin which produces the highly fatal disease, botulism. Rep. Richard D. McCarthy of New York, a specialist in chemical and biological warfare policy, is quoted as saying that in some instances, instead of botulism, bullets stockpiled by the Army will cause anthrax, tularemia, Q-fever and equine encephalitis. Obviously such bullets must have a special purpose. Some two years ago, Latin American publications suggested that the purpose was an improved means of assassination.

That is only a theory, since the whole subject of chemical and biological warfare is shrouded in secrecy, but it is plausible. Both the Vietcong and the U.S. Special Forces in Vietnam are believed to resort to assassination. Our Army press officers and civilian reporters and feature writers tell us this is so of the Vietcong. They do not tell us of the assassinations *we* perpetrate, but war being war, that would be too much to expect. It is a fact, however, that the first references to U.S. production of poison bullets occurred in 1965, the year in which American combat forces increased by about 800 per cent.

Officially, the Army sternly forbids the use of poison in warfare, but neither does it officially countenance assassination, torture, or the gang-style killing of intelligence agents. For purposes of assassination, disease-bearing bullets would have outstanding advantages. Botulism contracted in the normal way, by ingestion of contaminated food, has a 65 per cent mortality rate in the United States. Introduced via a bullet wound, however slight, the rate might be 100 per cent.

There is no evidence that disease-bearing bullets have as yet been used in Vietnam or anywhere else. But such a weapon would be useful in future Vietnams which, if we are to credit Governor Rockefeller's prognostications, await us in Latin America. To quiet such suspicions, if possible, the Army should tell the American public what use is intended for those 20,000 botulism rounds at Pine Bluff. It probably won't do anything of the kind, but in that case it should not feel aggrieved if people speculate.

One Small Gain

In Washington, D.C., Judge Gerhard A. Gesell has ruled against legal limitation of the right of a woman to obtain an abortion from a licensed doctor. The 68-year-old law was held by the U.S. District Court judge to be too vague in its stipulation that the doctor must prove the woman's health or life to be at stake. Judge Gesell found such a requirement could not survive constitutional scrutiny, and concluded that a defendant could not properly defend himself under it.

Anti-abortion laws, like those which heretofore have forbidden dissemination of birth-control information or devices, had their origins in the doctrinal teaching of powerful religious groups. Under the Constitution, the adherent of any religious faith may expect that the law will not interfere with the performance of his conscientious duties, but it is emphatically not his privilege to demand that the law require those of other faiths, or of none, to observe his particular prohibitions. A woman, as an individual, must enjoy under the law full dominion over her own body. The law has the duty to defend the integrity of the person, not to circumscribe or abridge it.

The worst aspect of the anti-abortion laws is that they operate as class legislation. The well-to-do have always been able to evade or avoid such inroads on their personal freedom: a flight to England where abortion is free, or a psychiatrist's services to bear expert witness to an

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impending threat to mental health. The woman who is poor, to whom another child may pose a threat of economic as well as physical disaster, is forced to patronize her local quack, operating in septic secrecy. Thousands die each year from such ministrations.

It is long past time that these laws, medieval in their philosophical roots and unconstitutional by nature, be stricken down. Judge Gesell has done what he could, by invalidating them in the District of Columbia and by encouraging appeal to the Supreme Court.

The Disadvantage of Being Poor

The "disadvantaged" is one of our mealy-mouthed euphemisms for the poor. One reason why the poor remain poor is that federal appropriations earmarked for them are often diverted to other uses more to the liking of the bureaucrats involved.

A striking example is the misuse of federal education funds under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Since the act was passed in 1965, Congress has appropriated $4.3 billion under Title I for special assistance to school systems having high concentrations of low-income children. Some educators have challenged the effectiveness of compensatory education, but there is a question whether it has ever been given a fair trial. After a six-month study, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, and the Washington Research Project of the Southern Center for Studies in Public Policy, assert that the funds have largely been "misused, wasted or diverted from the poor in many areas throughout the nation." These charges are contained in an article by John Herbers in the November 9 *New York Times*.

The allegations are convincing. To begin with, the Office of Education is a timid, old-line organization. Its function is to transfer the funds to state school systems, since Congress has a fetish about "local control" of education. The Office of Education is responsible for checking on the disposition the states make of the funds entrusted to them, but apparently the audits have been so feeble that the states, local boards of education and school officials could get away with almost anything, and they have not been backward in taking advantage of their freedom.

In Jackson, Miss., Title I funds were allocated to an all-white high school to set up a symphony orchestra. In Fresno, Calif., several school districts transferred about $930,000 in Title I funds to build a television system that presumably assisted all the children in the county, when the intent of Title I was specifically to benefit the poor children. In South Carolina and other Southern states Title I money was used to construct buildings and buy equipment that ostensibly would make schools for blacks comparable to those for whites—expenditures that should have come from other sources. Chicago has made a practice of spreading Title I money around to every school having a poverty area, instead of concentrating it in schools having a high degree of poverty. Mrs. Ruby Martin, former director of the Office for Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and now a member of the research project staff, remarked in a press conference: "The number of color television sets in superintendents and principals' offices in Mississippi is outrageous."

It all recalls the situation in California (editorial, "To Him That Hath . . ." *The Nation*, July 7) where school districts used poverty funds to reduce the price of all school lunches, thereby benefiting middle-class children and their families, but leaving the poor children, who had no money at all, as hungry as they were before the funds were received.

The report presented some thirteen recommendations. The one that should receive top priority is action to recover funds used for purposes other than those clearly falling within the scope of Title I.

Entente Carolina

A lovely alliance between West Germany and South Carolina is described in *Strom Thurmond Reports to the People* (October 20, Vol. XV, No. 35). The Senator from South Carolina describes a visit from "one of the West's most distinguished statesmen," none other than Dr. Franz Josef Strauss, lame duck finance minister of West Germany. The two eminent statesmen did not come together by accident. Hearing that the University of South Carolina was seeking a speaker of international reputation for the dedication of its new $9 million Coliseum, Senator (also Major General) Thurmond played social secretary. But before that—no doubt again with Senator Thurmond's assistance—South Carolina and West Germany were locked in an embrace which, though as public as a movie star's elopement, has attracted little attention outside the state.

The affection of West Germany for South Carolina, and vice versa, is solidly based. As Mr. Thurmond says, until recently "our state did not receive its due attention on the world scene, but now our merit is recognized." German industry has invested at least $500 million in South Carolina, and by 1976 the sum is expected to rise to $700 million. Chemicals, dyestuffs, steel and metal working are among German-financed industries. At a news conference, Dr. Strauss described the attraction that South Carolina holds for new industry: "the good industrial climate, the fine attitude of the people, and the close cooperation of the leaders." More specifically, cheap labor, freedom from union interference and low taxes.

Dr. Strauss also briefed his South Carolina friends on the necessity of continuing the cold war. The Soviets, he explained, want a divided Europe under their control. To counter the rising Russian menace, the West European nations must unite, so that they can stand as equal partners with the United States. Although the visiting statesman apparently did not mention the Hon. L. Mendel Rivers, such words must have been sweet in his ears.

Presumably the West German-South Carolinian entente has the blessing of the Nixon Administration. Or has Senator Thurmond set up his own state department? Some enterprising reporter might raise that question at the President's next press conference.

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ON PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON

'GIVE PEACE A CHANCE'

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross, formerly of the New York Post, *is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of* The Victims *(Putnam's), and has completed a new novel,* The Reporter, *which will be published soon by Harper & Row.*

Washington

It was a restless, bone-cold crowd circling and searching for a warm dry spot to rest in the heatless sun beneath the Washington Monument; it was a saintly patient congregation, waiting hours without complaint; it was a bored audience, enduring the labored rote of droning politicians with the same stoic shrug with which they accepted the heartless wind; it was children sharing their last sandwich with a shivering, white-haired couple, then tucking away the older pair within their own blanket; it was hand-lettered placards fighting the breeze: "Vietnam: Love It or Leave It"; "What's A Gnew?"; it was a Maoist, Ho Chi Minh, Che-ite crowd of young students who stepped on American flags with no memory of guilt earlier than Saigon, who flew a huge North Vietnamese flag from one of the poles of the states under the Washington Monument and yet were peculiarly American in their passions.

Sitting too long in the cold sun, under the incessant mash of helicopters, there were ominous rumblings from an incendiary pack of Mad Dogs, Running Dogs, Crazies, Yippies, Weathermen. And then Pete Seeger brought us all together. He had walked from Arlington to the Capitol, past the White House, he told them, carrying on his chest the weight of one dead soldier. He carried it as did the other 40,000 on a cardboard sign strung around his neck. And now he wanted to say something that kept running through his head all through that walk. Of course, when he says "say," he means "sing."

"All we are saying," he sang, "is give peace a chance."

The voice, boosted by the loud-speaker system, jolted the huge crowd silent. They stopped whatever it was they were doing and sat and stood silent. "All we are saying," he sang again and again, "is give peace a chance."

Each time he sang it, it was picked up by more and more people, until it was no longer a song but a common emotion. The great haunting sob broke from half a million throats. There was no one within sight or sound who did not join, holding arms outstretched until they tapered into twin Vs for peace, swaying.

No one sang loud because it was not a loud thing to sing. It was too deeply felt and they were too much on the edge of tears. That poignant, mournful cry, so thunderously hushed, broke through the crustiest defenses and even the numbed reporters and hostile photographers added their voices.

Pete Seeger had discovered why we had all come to Washington. We had all come to sob our hearts out about the war. Half a million voices, no less (the official estimate of a quarter million was too small to be even momentarily credible), and the wind was a terrible sob: "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." Five hundred thousand bodies, like a field of live wheat, swayed in thousands of directions.

It went on for about eight minutes. No one wanted it to stop. The angry Weathermen and their attack force had been surrounded by an anti-body of marshals, who had locked arms for protection but were now swept away by the song; even the Crazies and revolutionaries were prisoners of that song.

"All we are saying, is give peace a chance." It was a pure, crystal moment, and then it was over. And some were ashamed, as some are always ashamed of showing emotion.

The sad, lovely John Lennon tune ended the New Mobilization march, even if there were speeches and scattered incidents thereafter. Couples drifted out of the park still listening to the poignant melody, still marching to the mournful cadence. They wore the sweet, sad smile of people who had nodded at a truth.

It began on Thursday in the rain with the March Against Death. A man appeared at the tent where they were distributing the names and asked for a particular sign. He walked slowly to the darkened White House where he shouted the name. When he reached the Capitol and threw the cardboard bearing the name into the coffin, he said: "That's the last of my son." On Friday, the first violence occurred. A group of militants announced that they were going to serve eviction notice on the South

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Vietnamese Embassy. A blocking force of police met the few hundred militants at DuPont Circle. The crowd was told to disperse. A single police officer with a bull horn was drowned out when he ordered the group to disperse. And so the police and National Guard began to lob tear gas into the crowd. If there was advance warning, it was lost in the noise.

The kids scattered, choking on the burning gas. A group sought shelter in a nearby hotel. "Shit," said one black youth in a group of half a dozen. "I came all this way and I can't find a jewelry store."

Some of the demonstrators had taken refuge in the circle. Patrolman David Sydney parked his cruiser and started to walk toward the leader. His car was quickly surrounded by hundreds of militants. Sydney calmly asked someone if he could "take out any of the injured."

"Let's kill the pig," someone called. "Let's wreck the police car," urged someone else. Surrounded and trapped in the mass, Sydney listened for half an hour while anarchists debated with Marxists and Weathermen about whether it would be better to kill him or to destroy his cruiser.

Sydney did not appear worried. "O.K.," said the anarchist finally, "you don't want to kill him, you don't have to kill him." So Sydney went back on duty.

The children slept in frozen packs in parks, in cars, in crash pads. Pete Hamill, the *New York Post* columnist, found nine kids in his hotel room on Saturday morning. One reporter was thrown out of his room by a hotel manager.

On Saturday, the groups began converging on the mall across from the Capitol by daybreak. The marshals began forming by seven and the lines, like spokes, threaded toward the hub of the mall. They were mostly young. But other generations were present. In some groups were veterans of the 1963 March on Washington and of every peace demonstration since. In most, it was the first trip to Washington and the kids were sight-seeing as they went.

Police presence was scattered and not unfriendly. All over Washington, people stirred that morning as if to join a great battle. Breakfasts were gulped down as each side bundled against the day. An army colonel watched the forming crowds with professional concern. "That's a lot of people," he said.

But the colonel had been looking at only one leg of the star and when a reporter nudged him and the officer turned around and saw the main body assembling on the center mall, he was staggered. "Holy shit," he said. And he left to pass along his alarm. The monster crowd began to sense its muscle and it had an exhilarating effect on them.

"Bob," cried someone running across the lawn. There were reunions all across the grounds. The marshals assembling at Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues were firm and determined to avoid violence. Sorry, they told reporters trying to crash the lines. The reporters would bristle and bluster and the marshals would smile and say politely that they were terribly sorry, but they could not make any exceptions and no reporter had ever seen any cop so effective and so pleasant.

Eugene McCarthy made a speech, Mayor Washington paid his respects, and the great march sputtered and started. Muffled drums set the pace, recalling, as was intended, the dreadful funeral of John Kennedy. Silent marchers, listening to the drum rolls, huge rivers of people flowing into the tail, city police awed by the dignity and control. They had lined up hundreds of buses to block off the White House against any impulsive charge. But the marchers drummed by and only the obscene bitching of the press corps intruded. And the television crews covered lightly, as if it were a Fourth of July march, now that they had been chastened by Spiro.

By the time the march reached the Washington Monument grounds, thousands were already waiting. The line of marchers, thirty abreast, moved along and up and reached the rise and sighted the waiting crowds. It was a

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recognition between two great armies. The chests leaped at seeing each other. The marchers came across the grounds in unbroken ranks, holding their banners and heads high. The field was bracketed by helicopters. Police and army helicopters made low repeated passes and some of the youths saluted with a modified V, using only the single middle finger.

The first contingents arrived at about 11:30, and it took three hours for the rest of the crowds to enter. At first, one would look around and see that the crowd had reached a low hill 100 yards away and that was impressive. Then, one looked around and the Washington Monument had been surrounded. It dwarfed Woodstock or any past memory.

Button salesmen gave up trying to hawk. The crowds were too thick to walk among. They carried signs: Junkies for Peace"; "Let's Beat Nixon into a Ploughshare"; "Spiro My Hero." A young man shared a bottle of wine and a piece of cheese with a young girl. A couple made love under a thick blanket. A child became lost and was passed lovingly to a recovery area. A voice from the loud-speaker tower down in the valley: "Children, stay with your parents or come up here to Dr. Spock."

The crowds never shouted their impatience. "Peace Now," they chanted at one point. The lines outside the Johnny-on-the-spot portable toilets were patient and full of humor. "That line's gotten shorter," a husband told his wife, who had waited an hour outside one toilet. "O.K.," she replied, "I'll go again."

A youth came along carrying a sign supporting Nixon. "Oh, my God," he said, seeing the size of the crowd and threw away his sign. David Stringer, 22, a service station attendant, carried his sign supporting Nixon unmolested. "I'm surprised at the gentleness," he said. "Yes, frankly, I'm surprised."

Seeing him talking to a reporter, a group of demonstrators surrounded the reporter. "Sure, he eats that stuff up," one youth said. "The press looks for one lone dissenter and eats that stuff up." And the dissident dissidents did not recognize the strange similarity between their position and Agnew's.

In the afternoon, when the breath had gone out of the assembly at the Washington Monument, some drifted toward shopping areas. Troops were stashed in a dozen buildings along the way and the passers-by peered through the closed gates at the exhibit within. The Smithsonian Institution, however, became a temporary crash pad. The dull, sterile halls were filled with noisy, laughing kids, exploring exhibits. Antiseptic guards stared in astonishment as the youngsters camped out in the hallways, on the stairs, eating sandwiches, enjoying one another.

Across the street, tension was growing at the Justice Department building, target of David Dellinger and other militants. Down Constitution Avenue came a marching army of 5,000 yelling, "Free Huey Newton, free Bobby Seale." They carried Vietcong flags, banners, celebrations to Mao, clenched Black Power fists. They came east as far as Ninth Street, where a string of a dozen white-helmeted cops barred the way. An inspector, in a soft Southern drawl explained that here was where the parade

permit ended. So now the militants had to decide if they were going to crash the line. O.K., said the cop, you can go on if you want, and the appearance of victory obscured the fact that the militants had been had, for the cops were eager to have them continue east and dissipate their anger in endless marching.

But the real militants were not fooled. They stayed and soon were joined by a main group carrying 8-foot plaster replicas of Agnew and Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell. Those Washington cops just watched it grow. Chief of Police Jerry Wilson walked with the crowd circling the Justice Department. He is tall and bobbed above the shorter demonstrators. He carried a walkie-talkie and when the voice at the other end kept asking if he needed help, cool Jerry Wilson said no thanks, things were all right.

A few demonstrators lowered the American flag outside the Justice Department. They had half raised a Viet-

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cong flag in its place when a black police lieutenant led a squad of six men through thousands of hostile militants. The lieutenant, his face a fury of outrage, held off the militants while his men replaced the American flag.

Then rocks and bottles started flying. "Oh, no," cried a marshal. Soon, dozens of protest marshals stood on a low wall outside the Justice Department, their arms raised in living crucifix poses, their fingers stabbing into a peace V.

One or two of the marshals were struck by missiles but remained at their posts, bleeding from head wounds, still trying to halt the barrage with their bodies. "Peace. Peace. Peace," they chanted.

A young girl wearing a scarf over her nose and mouth came charging up and threw a Coke bottle at the champing marshals. "You've been selling that shit for three days," she yelled. One bloodied marshal began to sing: "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." His voice was drowned.

"We're gonna kill you," one clenched-fisted militant screamed into the face of Police Chief Wilson, who blandly turned away. Wilson walked back and forth, trailed by a pack of reporters and television crews, staring somewhere in the distance, past the threatening militants and microphones.

Perhaps 100 implacable extremists in the crowd were throwing things. The others would not endanger their marshals.

Jerry Wilson, hit with mud, kept urging the demonstrators to stop throwing missiles or they would be dispersed, but again the words were shouted into a wall of wind. Finally, Wilson had had enough and he lobbed a tear-gas canister. Soon, other police were lobbing tear gas. And the crowds lost their fight.

There was scattered looting and window smashing throughout Washington that night. But that was the work of only the handful of militants. The others went home listening to the memory of Pete Seeger and their own voices, a force more potent than anything unleashed by the militants.

RETOOLING A PARTY

The Democrats Confront 1970

CALIFORNIA

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

If the New Politics in California can be defined at all at the end of the 1960s, it must be as a politics of unhappiness and sullen apprehension. With not much of anything resembling an organization or leadership, New Politics is an impulse—nothing more—but it is a potentially powerful force awaiting a leader to mobilize the disaffected in this state of nearly 20 million.

The big city ghettos are smoldering, the Mexican-Americans are rapidly moving toward assertive political consciousness, and white workers living on the edges of the ghettos are fearful and angry. The white poor sense that they are forgotten, students and intellectuals are alienated, and middle America, where the power lies, is caught between high taxes and inflation, and feels surrounded and trapped. Only the rich and their managers and the professionals are happy; they should be, for the country is being run their way.

An exaggeration? Perhaps; but not much.

For the New Politics to take hold in California, its leaders, whenever they appear, must offer a plausible redefinition of society's goals and a workable program for restructuring private and public institutions that have not responded to obvious needs. But first, or simultaneously, the venom that is poisoning all the political processes in this country must be removed. President Nixon's speech of November 3, the very model of the old politics, is guaranteed to inflame the entire anti-war movement—whatever support it wins from the "silent Americans." The depth of bitter sentiment which the President's devious presentation of the Vietnamese problem aroused in California is suggested by the comment of the state's moderately liberal Sen. Alan Cranston: "The end of American bleeding and dying in Vietnam is not in sight."

When the war is ended, the fever in the country will decline, but the problems that have accumulated since 1945 will not dissolve, and new approaches, under whatever name, will be required. California will offer as good a chance for the New Politics to catch on as will any state in the country. Thoroughly defeated by Ronald Reagan in 1966 and by Nixon last year, the Democratic Party seems generally receptive to new ideas. Edmund G. Brown, the former governor, talks of "the new political leadership that is necessary to reconcile America to changes that have to come. Robert Kennedy got the steelworkers, the farmers, the blacks and the young to vote for him, but nobody else seems able to achieve this." Brown is working with an organization of young voters called "The Wild Ones," and has encountered the usual suspicion. "Anyone over 30," he says, "who has been in politics is not only old but, by definition to most of these youngsters, is 'old and corrupt.' "

Paul Posner, the Democratic chairman of Los Angeles County, would like to bring all the "dissidents" into the party. "I have been trying to locate the New Politics but," he confesses, "I can find neither the movement nor

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its leaders." Stephen Reinhardt, Democratic national committeeman, suggests that the "movement" may remain outside the scope of electoral politics, operating instead as a pressure group on the parties. Many activists believe that party politics is dead, that the politics of confrontation is more important. Who can say they are altogether wrong? "They tried it at the Democratic convention," Reinhardt says, "and while they lost there, they really won in the country. Everybody is against the war now. Maybe next year the kids will be picketing the automobile plants against smog."

Martin Stone, a young businessman who was active in Eugene McCarthy's campaign, welcomes the New Politics. He feels that "California Democrats are moving to the left. The vast majority of activists, those people not holding any title in the party, are on the liberal side, and the anti-war sentiment is so strong that Johnson couldn't get 5 per cent of a primary vote in this state today." Stone added optimistically: "California is not a reactionary state. Reagan and Sen. George Murphy won, but they won because they came across on television as moderates."

Of the state's political leaders in office, Jess Unruh, former Speaker of the state Assembly and now Assembly minority leader, may be the first candidate with a New Politics appeal. Since last spring's primaries, when he supported Robert Kennedy, and especially since the Chicago convention, where he led the anti-Humphrey-Johnson, anti-war California delegation, Unruh has been steadily shedding his old image as the pragmatic political boss. In theory and practice, he probably is the most competent officeholder in California today and, at 47, is itching to take on the 58-year-old Reagan next year. Writing in *The Nation* (February 17), Unruh said: "The ability to inspire confidence, and to justify it by dealing openly and honestly, free of commitments and traditional doctrine, is at the heart of that amorphous body of theory, the New Politics."

If Unruh runs against Reagan, that "amorphous body of theory" will get its biggest test in the nation's biggest state. Many elements of the New Politics supported the attempt by City Councilman Tom Bradley to unseat Mayor Sam Yorty last spring in Los Angeles. The effort failed, but it was successful enough to lay the groundwork for future campaigns with similar goals.

A hint, but no more than that, of the New Politics surfaced at a recent session of Democratic Party leaders in Fresno. A black and brown caucus demanded a large role in party affairs and sought 30 per cent of the state central committee's annual budget "to establish and maintain a continuous political operation." In contrast to similar conferences during the Johnson years, no justification of the war in Vietnam came from any quarter at Fresno.

Democrats met at Fresno to try to devise ways of regaining control of the state legislature, now narrowly held by the Republicans. The issue is important enough. The party that controls the legislature in 1970 will reapportion the state, and the new political boundary lines will go far toward setting the political balance in California for the next decade.

Some proponents of the New Politics, with their apocalyptic visions or their fascination with charismatic political leaders, totally reject or disdain the drudgery and boredom that make up so large a part of practical politics. If proponents of the New Politics aren't prepared for the long haul of a decade or more, their visions of a new society will become daydreams. If they persist in seeing no difference between Pat Brown and Ronald Reagan, they may find a gulf between them and youngsters of college age in California next year. University of California administrators have closed enrollment at UCLA for the 1970 fall term, and the state college system announces that 10,000 to 25,000 students may have to be turned away next year. That is a difference.

ILLINOIS

DON ROSE and DAVID S. CANTER

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Chicago

The fledgling Democratic reform movement in Illinois, which a year ago looked as though it might get off the ground, is dying of suffocation in the warm, fleshy, jovial embrace of Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago. Cooptation is what it is called, and it is a game played extremely well by the Mayor and one of his chief tempters, University of Chicago history Prof. Richard C. Wade.

Wade is Daley's oar in liberal waters. He does a splendid job of keeping independent-minded Democrats inside the party, preventing some campaigns from becoming too strongly anti-Daley and, where he can, avoiding Daley *gaffes*. However, Wade would not be so seductive, if there were not those within the reform Democratic movement ready to be seduced. Moreover, with the exception of the long-established Independent Voters of Illinois (IVI), the reform groups suffer from political inexperience and have made a couple of big mistakes to offset recent "instant politics" successes. They are, nevertheless, a vital movement at the grass roots, increasing both in numbers and in the tough, unglamorous doorbell-pushing activity. They understand how to win elections, as demonstrated by six stunning victories in the November 18 Constitutional Convention election.

The reformist groupings represent several tendencies —not all of which are influenced by Wade, a Kennedy-McGovern operative. In fact, Wade is trying to block the attempt of State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III to gain Daley's endorsement in the race for the Senate seat of the late Everett Dirksen. Stevenson appears to be the reform favorite, although he recently outraged many of his back-

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ers by supporting the Chicago police force and by toadying shamelessly for Daley's support.

Stevenson, who cannot succeed himself as state treasurer, became a hero to the liberal-reform forces in recent years by criticizing the party and its ruler as "feudal," endorsing a few independent aldermanic candidates, and aiding the black movement here through Operation Breadbasket. He has been considered the focal point for opposition to Daley, who failed to sell other party leaders on Stevenson for the Senate in 1968, because of some mild statements the latter made in opposition to the Vietnamese War.

But Stevenson has been strangely reluctant really to challenge the Mayor—hoping, no doubt, that Daley will support him against even more hostile forces within the machine. Stevenson was the first respectable liberal to come out for Humphrey before the convention last year—preceding and perhaps anticipating Daley's move. It is said that he was driven to act precipitously in reaction to the nagging of Wade, who was pushing hard for Robert Kennedy at that point. Wade now supports former Atty. Gen. William Clark for the Dirksen seat. Clark was the 1968 candidate against the late Republican, running surprisingly well and on an even more surprising anti-war platform. A young man of the old school, Clark had been generally regarded as a hack, but became a leading dove during the convention and split with Daley to endorse Sen. George McGovern for the Presidency. Wade, a good McGovern man, is repaying the favor.

Wade also set up a visit Daley made to a party thrown on the Stevenson Libertyville, Ill., farm several months ago. The event, now known widely as the Libertyville Love-In—and to some as the independents' Appomattox—was sponsored by the Committee on Illinois Government (CIG), a reform group often mildly at odds with Daley.

McGovern was the main speaker, and the big question beforehand was whether Daley would show up. The odds were considered long. But show up he did, with a Wade-written call for unity, saying that the party was big enough for everybody. That was the first big public hint of the seduction of Adlai III. For the Love-In call for unity overlooked any question of justice—or any consideration that genuine issues separated Daley and his machine from liberals, progressives, the young, the black and the poor.

Despite a few demurring press releases, the Independent Democratic Coalition (IDC), local affiliate of the national New Democratic Coalition, came out in support of Stevenson's Senatorial bid, and was really trapped when Adlai III extolled the police, sidled up to the Mayor, and hinted that the party should forgo an open primary and support him.

Interviews with the IDC and conversations with officers and rank-and-filers of the CIG and IVI produced heavy vituperation of Stevenson, charges of "sell-out" and others less printable. He was also chastised at his own campaign committee meetings. But these groups will certainly continue to support him because, as they have said so many times in the past, they have no one else.

Another serious contender for the Senate seat—even stronger than Clark—is a young downstate Illinois Senator, Alan Dixon, who would have fine liberal credentials under most circumstances. But Dixon, who has in the past split with Daley's legislative program, is the candidate of Secretary of State Paul Powell, the second most powerful Democrat in Illinois and anathema to reformers. The Powell-Dixon bid could succeed, because Stevenson is not popular with the thousands of cogs in the patronage machine, and Daley may have a hard time putting him across. Also mentioned for the seat—after a recent "non-political" visit with Daley—is Ambassador R. Sargent Shriver, who still retains a Chicago voting address.

There is also a slim chance that an "open primary" will be held, with the machine making no endorsement. The slate makers were to meet late in November to make a decision. In any event, Illinois will have a fairly liberal Democratic candidate who can be expected to buck Daley—slightly—at times. Stevenson or Shriver could beat the incumbent appointee, Ralph Smith; Dixon would be less likely to do so.

The primary elections offer a few other possibilities for independent reformers who are less in need of Daley's tender loving care. The militant Gus Savage, a black newspaper publisher, might defeat the machine choice for the seat being vacated by 71-year-old Rep. William Murphy in the increasingly black Southwest Chicago 3rd Congressional District. Savage, who was badly beaten by Murphy last year, suffered from inadequate organization and a very low black turn-out in the period of demoralization following the King and Kennedy killings. He has spent the past eighteen months rebuilding his organization. The Democrats will probably replace Murphy with another white, fearing that if a black were put up he would lose the district in the general election.

That district is fascinating, from black poverty areas to mid-income black home owners, from the most racist white working-class wards to elegant upper-middle-class neighborhoods and suburbs. One unusual circumstance is that it may disappear after the 1970 reapportionment, and Daley may just decide to permit an open primary in response to black demands.

There could also be a reform bid in the 1st Congressional District, bastion of the aging, ailing Rep. William Dawson, long-time black boss of the city. The old man has announced his retirement and will probably be replaced by one or another of the Uncle Tom aldermen. A reform bid by one of the independent black aldermen, such as Fred Hubbard or A. A. "Sammy" Rayner, both of whom have challenged Dawson before and lost, will again be doomed to failure. The necessary political groundwork has not been done and only if there is a split in the black machine—an outside chance—could an independent squeak through.

In sum, despite increased interest, especially on the North Lakefront, the reformist element is not likely to make much headway in the coming year. Savage and Rayner, along with a handful of black and white aldermen and state representatives, are genuine independents who will not let ambition compromise them, but too many of the others are willing to cuddle up to Daley—or permit themselves to be seduced and guided by persons such as

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Wade, who hold out the Mayor's endorsement to those who don't fight too hard.

A state representative seat on the North Side may fall to a reformer in the 1970 primary, and some aldermanic seats will be won in 1971, as we wrote in these pages in September. But the reform thrust in Illinois, which is lively at the grass-roots level only in Chicago, is stymied by lack of genuine leadership, coupled with deft castrations performed by the surgeons of the old politics.

NEW YORK

JEROME WILSON
Mr. Wilson is state correspondent for WCBS-TV News and reports on state and city politics in New York.

New York City

The Lindsay victory has smashed the Democratic Party in New York State. Even before Procaccino's defeat, the party had been split—old line versus reform—but the two wings were still elements of a single party. Robert Wagner had brought them together in his last term, and in 1965, when Lindsay first ran, reform Democrats paid at least lip service to the party's regular nominee, Abraham Beame.

But so many reform Democrats endorsed the Mayor during his second-term campaign that the news was those who didn't. Even Wagner, a perennial fence straddler, came out for Lindsay—characteristically, on Election Day. Not only the party elite deserted the ragged Procaccino cause—Mrs. Lehman, for example, and the group that had been close to Robert Kennedy—but also whole components of the city's basic Democratic vote. Black voters have very strong Democratic voting habits; in 1965, even despite his identification with civil rights, John Lindsay attracted only 38 per cent of the vote in sample black districts, and that was considered an achievement. This year, Procaccino polled 13 per cent in black districts,* and Lindsay walked off with a staggering 80 per cent.

If anything, party loyalty among Puerto Ricans is still greater; local Democratic candidates in Puerto Rican areas consistently win by 10-to-1 margins. But even though he was endorsed by the city's leading Spanish daily, Procaccino could take only 27 per cent of that vote, Lindsay receiving 64 per cent. Among Italian-Americans, a group becoming increasingly distant from city Democrats, Procaccino scrambled for a 40-to-43 per cent split with Republican-Conservative candidate John Marchi, and he ran a 44-to-44 per cent dead heat with Lindsay in Jewish districts. Only in the lower-income Jewish areas did the Democratic candidate match Abraham Beame's record of four years ago.

The day after election, confessing his true ideological position, Procaccino charged that Marchi had been the "spoiler," that the Republican-Conservative had robbed him of the vote that was rightfully his. Many observers felt, however, that Procaccino lost because of his dismal showing among blacks and Puerto Ricans, because he never reached out for the majority that voted for other candidates in the Democratic primary, and because the Kennedy and McCarthy Democrats rejected him.

All of this provides the Democrats in New York with something less than a springboard to glory. The party hasn't elected a New York governor since Averell Harriman in 1954; it hasn't sent a Senator to Washington since Robert Kennedy in 1964; it has lost the last two city elections in a row. Nevertheless, it must find a candidate for governor and for U.S. Senator next year.

One of its first problems is leadership. The ranking city official in the party is comptroller-elect Abraham Beame. At the state level is comptroller Arthur Levitt, who was Carmine DeSapio's candidate for mayor back in 1961, and who since his defeat by Wagner, has busied himself with state fiscal affairs. Beame is expected to follow the Levitt example of alloting little time to party politics.

Both the Democratic minority leaders of the state legislature endorsed Procaccino, and it is doubtful that either will be looked to for statewide leadership, although the Assembly minority leader, Stanley Steingut, does have *de facto* command of the one county organization that "delivered" for the candidate.

Then should Lindsay run the state Democratic Party? For the present, at least, he prefers to remain a Republican. Even so, Democratic State Chairman John Burns acknowledged recently that the Mayor will have a say as to whom the Democrats nominate for governor and Senator. Furthermore, should former UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg run for governor, he might even get the endosement of the fusion mayor. Goldberg, after all, endorsed Lindsay at a crucial time in the campaign, while Republican Governor Rockefeller said nothing on the Mayor's behalf after he lost the Republican primary.

If Mr. Goldberg does aim for Albany (there has been much talk about his running for the Senate), then by the traditional standards of ticket balancing, a non-Jewish, non-New York City candidate would be preferred for the Senate. The party's 1968 Senate nominee, Paul O'Dwyer, has the first qualification, but he is definitely of the city. Rep. Jonathan Bingham of the Bronx is in the same boat, and Rep. Richard Ottinger, the conservation spokesman from Westchester, misses on the religious score.

So where might the Democrats find a likely Senatorial candidate if Goldberg runs for the big power job, the governorship? One suggestion, outlandish on its face, is the present Republican U.S. Sen. Charles Goodell. Except that he is registered in the wrong party, Goodell has many of the credentials. He is from upstate (with the added advantage that he is saying what city Democrats who supported Lindsay want to hear on the war, the ABM and the cities), he is a Protestant, he endorsed John Lindsay after the Republican primary voters rejected him and could anticipate a Lindsay favor in return. And a crucial factor in speculation about a new political home for Goodell is that his own party rejects him, as it did Lindsay.

That, then, is the condition of New York's devastated

* All percentages based on the WCBS-TV News Election Estimate, November 4, 1969.

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Democratic Party. Its strongest choice for governor—Goldberg—descends from the national scene. One possibility for the Senate—Goodell—isn't even registered in the party. Finally, New York City's Liberal-Independent Mayor has what amounts to a veto power over both designations. The strength of this veto stems both from Lindsay's shattering inroads into traditional Democratic voting strength, making him a major factor in his own right in the Democratic Party, and from the fact that any Democrat running statewide next year must have the co-nomination of the state's Liberal Party to win. Lindsay won reelection with more than 800,000 votes on the Liberal line, and the Mayor and the Liberals will be thinking as one.

The above considerations, if they are indeed recognized by the state's Democrats, would finally put an end to the Tammany principle that a politician must work his way up through the ranks of the party, as did Procaccino —and Al Smith, Robert Wagner, Sr., and, one might add, Jimmy Walker, before him. If this old road is at last abandoned, if the Procaccino candidacy was the last of its kind, the Democrats will perhaps have a chance to challenge the Republican hegemony, and create a two-party system once again in New York.

MICHIGAN

DOUGLAS CRASE

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Ann Arbor

Just two years ago Zolton Ferency resigned as chairman of the Michigan Democratic Party, following his anti-war statements, and his suggestion that Lyndon Johnson be replaced as the party's nominee. Now the portraits of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey which hang in the offices of the current state chairman, James McNeely, look down on stacks of blue and white bumper stickers left over from the moratorium—"Work for Peace: October 15."

With Nixon in the White House a lot of Democratic regulars here recovered their liberalism without the slightest memory of 1968 to embarrass them. But the scores of McCarthy insurgents, who last year swept into control of some 30 per cent of the votes at state party conventions, are less eager to forget 1968. There is now the potential for a strong, even controlling liberal-Left coalition in the Michigan party. What happens next depends on the willingness of liberal regulars (largely Kennedy supporters) and last year's insurgents (mostly McCarthy supporters and now members of Michigan's New Democratic Coalition, NDC) to educate each other about 1968 without ego feuds that serve no political purpose.

The Detroit election in November indicates the internal state of the party. The vote did not show, as some are saying, that racism will no longer cast the winning ballots in Detroit. Roman Gribbs, son of Polish immigrants and sheriff of uptight Wayne County, gently law and ordered his way past Richard Austin, black county auditor, to become mayor of this racially polarized city. The election seemed to rise above racism because Gribbs so nearly lost, outpolling his black rival by about 7,500 of the more than half a million votes cast. The real point, however, is that the sheriff beat an opponent whose qualifications, aside from color, were so obviously superior. The Alliance for Labor Action (UAW and Teamsters) campaigned mightily for Austin; the Detroit *Free Press* urged his election. Even Mayor Orville Hubbard of neighboring Dearborn, one of the most guarded of America's all-white communities, endorsed Detroit's first black candidate for mayor. Sheriff Gribbs, said Hubbard, did not come close to matching Austin's qualifications for the job. The deciding factor was race.

But, as Austin later said, the election was "not an inglorious defeat." It demonstrated what a broadly based liberal coalition might do in Michigan, even in the face of racism. An alliance among some local Democratic organizations, the UAW, local NDC chapters, the slowly unified black community and Democratic officeholders nearly won the campaign. Rep. John Conyers, Jr., an NDC member, owes his office to a bitter 1964 primary victory over Austin, backed by the UAW. Conyers campaigned for Austin throughout the mayoralty campaign, and persuaded Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., to come to Detroit on the candidate's behalf. The UAW worked so effectively with white union men that Austin took nearly one-fifth the white vote, twice the 9 per cent he won in the September primary. Voter turn-out, 68 per cent, was the highest in city election history. The average in black precincts was 70 per cent, surpassed only in 1964's defeat of Barry Goldwater.

The real victories came in the citywide elections for the nine-man Common Council. Voters swept in a 6-to-3 liberal (nonpartisan) majority, gave the five highest totals to (Democratic) liberals, and elected three black councilmen—one of whom became the first black to win more than 50 per cent of the votes in any Detroit city election. In these less symbolic campaigns, where the spotlight was not on color, the liberal coalition worked.

However, Detroit illustrates the dilemma of the Michigan NDC. It is difficult to maintain an insurgent liberalism when many party regulars suddenly stop acting like the party of death. Party Chairman McNeely chaired the Michigan Stop ABM Committee this year. During the moratorium, NDC leaders had to share campus platforms with regular officeholders who in times past were scandalized by dissent. Organization liberals also responded quickly to insurgent pressures for internal party reform. The Democratic Central Committee created a reform group, the Haber Commission, whose November report (not released at this writing) is expected to recommend sweeping changes in party structure, election laws and Presidential nominating procedures.

With its enemies refusing to fight, the NDC is in serious

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trouble. The Coalition has been somewhat schizophrenic from the beginning, a composite of activists indigenous to New Politics movements, and leaders who were often former regulars harboring grudges against an organization that had disappointed their ambitions. As a result, the Coalition could never make up its mind—was it a liberal pressure group, whose purpose was to educate a new constituency and force the party to the left? Or was it the new Democratic Party, whose object was to kick all the rascals out and honor the issues from a position of power? When the issue was Vietnam, and the regular party was intransigent, there was no conflict between the two objectives. Now, however, the requirements may be quite different.

With increasing frequency, NDC activities are little more than intra-party maneuvers indistinguishable from those of any other faction. Without issues for cement, the Coalition is having trouble holding itself together in the power game. Opposing factions proposed separate slates for the new NDC posts on the state party's board, and split the Coalition's vote for state party chairman at the spring Democratic convention. Otto Feinstein, former McCarthy chairman and executive secretary of the NDC, disappeared from state politics after another leadership squabble which left Al Fishman and others from the old Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats in control. In 1970, there are likely to be at least two gubernatorial candidates with Coalition ties. The most prominent are Zolton Ferency and state Sen. Roger Craig, with former Detroit Mayor Jerome Cavanagh a possibility. As of now, there is no way that an NDC convention could endorse any one of these names without tearing itself part.

The greatest danger to the NDC is that its leaders cannot play the power game without making decisions in the old politics manner. Gubernatorial candidate Craig, for example, identified himself early this year with a campaign for a district Presidential primary in Michigan. NDC chiefs, eager to boost Craig's candidacy, won endorsement of the district primary idea from a poorly attended and totally unprepared meeting of the state Coalition. The action was premature, since several prominent NDC members were serving on the Haber Commission which was considering a primary much more advantageous to minorities. Many members were offended by the way their organization had been publicly boxed in, and the district primary never caught the enthusiasm of the public or Coalition members themselves.

The Coalition's voting strength in the party could be used to force liberal regulars into progressive alliances on many crucial issues without destroying NDC autonomy. This is especially possible because the old guard is deserting the party's moderate-liberal leadership. Many conservative Detroit Democrats supported Gribbs. They largely boycotted the Haber Reform Commission, the success of whose recommendations now depends on a coalition of NDC and regular liberals. Secretary of State James Hare, a long-time Democratic hack, recently withheld $50,000 in patronage funds from party Chairman McNeely. The liberal regulars are discovering that they need the NDC Left, but the Coalition leadership, engaged in a power struggle with all Democratic regulars, may prove too inflexible to take advantage of the new situation they helped to create.

The real test will come in the 1970 campaign for governor. Republican Gov. William Milliken is not invincible. A strong Democratic ticket (U.S. Sen. Philip Hart will also be running for re-election) could carry the state, and must do so to prevent a Republican legislature from controlling the decennial Congressional and legislative redistricting. However, a divisive Democratic primary is in prospect. Of six possible candidates, four—Cavanagh, Craig, Ferency and state Senate Minority Leader Sandy Levin—are from the liberal-left wing of the party. Levin and Cavanagh were Kennedy supporters last year; Craig and Ferency, both closely tied to NDC, were for McCarthy. The fifth, state Atty. Gen. Frank Kelley, a Kennedy supporter who voted for Humphrey, is the favorite but prefers to wait and run for the U.S. Senate in 1972. The sixth is Wayne County prosecutor William Cahalan, an outside chance who would appeal to the party's old guard.

The most likely primary contest will pit Levin against Craig or Cavanagh, or both, and it could be a disaster for Michigan's liberals. Any of the three, Craig, Cavanagh or Levin, should provide a satisfactory campaign around which to rally liberals, as Austin's campaign did in Detroit. But liberal regulars and New Democrats alike have failed to learn the lessons of 1968 that liberal constituencies across the state care little for the party's internal struggles and factional jealousies. Unless that lesson sinks home by 1970, the possibility of a new liberalism in Michigan is sure to be destroyed in the recriminations about who did what in 1968, and who supported whom, when.

OHIO

GENE I. MAEROFF
Mr. Maeroff is an editorial writer on the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleveland

Ohio's Democratic Party makes up in diversity for what it lacks in strength. In what other state are a millionaire businessman, a former college English professor and a retired astronaut vying for favor? The 1970 stakes include the governorship and a seat in the United States Senate.

Howard M. Metzenbaum, who made a fortune from a string of parking lots, was the campaign manager for Sen. Stephen M. Young in both of his successful races. He thinks he should now be given a chance to succeed the 80-year-old veteran, who has announced his retirement. John J. Gilligan, who would like to give speeches in the U.S. Senate rather than teach poetry at Xavier University, became known around the state during an unsuccessful bid for the Senate last year. He wants to try again. John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth,

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is the best known of the Democrats who want the job, but he has the fewest backers and the least money behind him. He admits that his candidacy is in danger of dying well before the May primary.

Were there a strong central party organization in Ohio it could perhaps dictate who should be the Democratic nominee. But the party is weak, not having put a governor in office since 1958 and having lost a seat in the Senate to the Republicans last year, and control is somewhere in transition between the old guard and the new. The state chairman, Eugene P. O'Grady, has managed to keep a foot in each camp, but the dexterity does not guarantee harmony because the new guard is split between McCarthyites and Kennedyites.

Metzenbaum, age 52, is a former state legislator with impeccable liberal credentials. An early Robert Kennedy backer, he switched after the assassination to George S. McGovern. The small but active Democratic faction that supported McCarthy has never forgiven him. Their darling is Gilligan, who also has a staunch ally in O'Grady. The chairman convinced the party and labor to invest huge sums in Gilligan's unsuccessful attempt to wrest the nomination from Frank J. Lausche last year.

A number of minor characters are mentioned as possibilities for the gubernatorial nomination. One of them is former Gov. Michael V. DiSalle, now a Washington lawyer, who wants desperately to get back into Ohio politics. Another is Lausche, five times governor before he entered the Senate. And there is always the possibility that one of the front runners for the Senate nomination —especially Gilligan—will decide to shift into the race for governor.

Finally, Carl Stokes cannot be dismissed. Were he white, Stokes would be a leading contender for either post, but it would be risky for a Negro to run on a statewide ticket in Ohio. Even Metzenbaum, who is Jewish, faces an uphill struggle against prejudice.

Whatever the final Democratic alignment, there are two Republicans who would be tough for any Democrat to beat: Gov. James A. Rhodes and Rep. Robert A. Taft. But it could happen—much to the delight of the Democrats—that they will decide to fight it out for Senate nomination. Rhodes has already declared and Taft is making similar noises.

A kind of GOP Lyndon Johnson with a Midwest twang, Rhodes is a champion vote getter who is completing his second term and is prohibited from running next time. Until last April it was assumed that he would be unopposed for the Senatorial nomination and that no Democrat could beat him. Then a story in *Life* linked the Governor to a Mafia figure and accused him of dipping into campaign slush funds and finally being nailed by the Internal Revenue Service. Rhodes is now vulnerable—to both Republicans and Democrats.

The day before announcing his candidacy for the Senate, he broke his silence on the *Life* charges and released a statement purporting to detail his net worth (about $65,000). He also denied any wrongdoing in commuting the sentence of an imprisoned Mafia leader. Full-page advertisements in newspapers throughout Ohio carried Rhodes's statement.

In a rare display of bickering between Republicans, Taft called a news conference to question the propriety of the state Republican organization paying for these ads. "It seems to me you can't take this out of the context of the upcoming campaign," Taft said. He did not announce his candidacy, but it is clear that he yearns to follow his father into the Senate. Republican officials are still trying to convince Taft to run for governor, thus providing the dream ticket of Rhodes and Taft and avoiding a primary battle. Even with the *Life* affair hanging over his head, Rhodes would be formidable.

At least two other Republicans appear available, if a place can be found for them on the ticket. Donald E. (Buzz) Lukens, 38, of Middletown, is a Goldwater conservative who may have no qualms about challenging Rhodes. State auditor Roger Cloud, a former speaker of the Ohio house, owes his job to Rhodes and he would be a leading contender for governor if Taft steps into the Senate race.

Thus 1970 could be a year of rebirth for the Democratic Party in Ohio. But a better organized Republican organization that has been vastly more successful in statewide elections is not about to let the Democrats win any position without a battle. The Republicans have the soldiers and they have the gold.

PENNSYLVANIA

A. STEPHEN BOYAN, Jr.
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University Park

It is still too early to know whether significant reform of the Democratic Party can be achieved soon in Pennsylvania. One group actively encouraging it is the New Democratic Coalition (NDC), born out of the frustrations of the McCarthy campaign. McCarthy polled more than 400,000 votes, the highest ever given anyone in a Pennsylvania preferential primary, only to have the party leadership push through a delegate endorsement of Humphrey. That endorsement, and the tactics used to get it—anti-Humphrey delegates told to "sit down and shut up," the state committee "losing" the papers of delegates pledged to vote for the victor of the primary on the first ballot, etc.—convinced the McCarthy forces that the Democratic Party was in critical need of a shake-up. Not only would liberals have to lobby for rules changes before party councils but the party would have to be taken over, precinct by precinct, by a political leadership responsive to the needs of an electoral majority.

NDC conceives of itself as the organizing device for this new political leadership. It has formed more than thirty-three political clubs in the state, with five more in

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the process of affiliation. It has taken positions against the war in Vietnam, the ABM and the present ordering of national priorities, and has drawn up an extensive and detailed platform for Pennsylvania. Among other things, that platform calls for a graduated state income tax, the substantial elimination of real estate taxation, the regulation of medical and hospital fees by an elected state agency, landlord and tenant courts, "no fault" automobile insurance and repeal of the fair-trade laws. It advocates eventual public ownership of utilities and the use of their profits for public services. The NDC favors tuition-free higher education for all Pennsylvanians, and would abolish academic accreditation for ROTC. It wants the abortion law repealed. In short, the platform calls for adoption of virtually every proposal on the agenda of contemporary political liberalism.

But it is in part because of this program that many regular party leaders feel they can safely ignore the coalition. NDC plays no role in party affairs comparable, for example, to that of the state AFL-CIO. One party official (innocently) paraphrasing Stalin's question about the Pope, asked, "How many votes does the NDC have?" He doubted that it would ever gain much strength outside the upper middle-class suburbanites, the academic community or among Jewish voters. It is evident, moreover, that the NDC organization has made little headway in the many small cities around the state. Against that background, NDC's immediate prospects for reform leadership in the state party would not seem bright.

On the other hand, wide support appears to be developing for another kind of party reform. That is the movement to democratize the Democratic Party and end its years of domination by old-style machine politicians. On paper, the party is already superbly democratic. It is ruled in principle by an elected state committee whose members run from Senatorial districts at the spring primary election in each even-numbered year. In fact, however, the policies of the state committee are determined by the state "policy committee," a body dominated by county chairmen from areas that roll up large Democratic majorities, along with leading elected Democrats. The result is that the party leaders of Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties dominate the committee. When they can unite on a candidate or policy, they can usually win support from the other committee members.

One reason for this cooperation is that no Democrat can win statewide office without party support in Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties. Then, too, 40,000 patronage jobs are controlled by Democratic officeholders, who can also assign state contracts or confer other favors. Through such devices former Mayor Barr of Pittsburgh, head of the Allegheny Democratic organization, and Mayor Tate of Philadelphta, *de facto* head of the Philadelphia organization, have maintained absolute control over the Pennsylvania state party in recent years. In 1966, for example, when Robert Casey, the organization-backed candidate for governor, lost in the state primary election to Milton Shapp, a liberal, the organization "cut" Shapp and he was beaten in the election.

But changes have occurred in the party since 1966 and the result next time may be different. In Pittsburgh this spring a reform, issue-oriented, NDC-backed candidate, "Pete" Flaherty, handily defeated the organization candidate for the Democratic mayoral nomination, Mayor Barr having retired. This fall, still shunning organization support, and relying on labor, youth and liberal reform elements, Flaherty scored a stunning success at the polls, obtaining a greater percentage of votes than did Barr as the organization candidate in 1965. In Philadelphia, meanwhile, the electorate dealt the Democratic organization of Mayor Tate an even more serious blow. It defeated the Tate-picked, Tate-backed candidates for district attorney and city controller by the greatest margins that Republicans have achieved in Philadelphia elections since 1931. The message in both cities seemed to be that old-style organization politics will no longer assure success—that the electorate today responds to issues and candidates. William Green, Philadelphia County chairman, saw it that way: "The Democratic Party has not been sufficiently responsive to independent thinking. . . . We have got to open the doors."

This shift in voter motivation should have two immediate effects on state politics. First, even before the election, state party officials had revived a committee to look into the party's rules. This Rules Committee has held public hearings and met at least half a dozen times. It seems to be leaning toward a proposal to reconstitute the policy committee into a "nominating committee" (party leaders and all state committee members) that would endorse candidates only after hearing their views at a public meeting. Whether this proves to be a genuine reform remains to be seen; unless the vote is secret, for example, state party leaders might still dictate endorsements. But with the Allegheny and Tate-controlled organizations in at least partial eclipse, it is likely that their representatives will be less able to crack the whip.

Second, the election results suggest that aspirants for statewide office can afford to be more independent of the organization. If a candidate can generate a substantial popular appeal, the organization may need him far more than he needs the organization. Robert Casey, long identified with the Pennsylvania party regulars, may be especially affected by their decline in public favor. People close to him report that his true political views are considerably more liberal than what he has thus far expressed publicly. Pennsylvania Democrats will now watch closely for signs of a liberal trend in Casey's policy statements as he seeks the gubernatorial nomination next year.

The Casey-Shapp fight, if its occurs, could be a donnybrook. As early as 1966, when he ran for governor, Shapp opposed escalation of the war in Vietnam. He also formed a "Democratic Study Group," an organization of liberal Democrats that has been putting out position papers on many issues facing the state. In 1968 he backed Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, then Edward Kennedy. He has been outspoken on many state and national issues and has close ties to the NDC. He is contemptuous of the old-style politics, and the old-style organization returns the feeling. It believes Shapp's anti-organizational posture to be a sham, an opportunistic device to give him visibility with the electorate. Other prominent Democrats, especially

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in labor, are angry with Shapp for supporting McCarthy last year, when they were vigorously behind Hubert Humphrey. Hugh Carcella and I.W. Abel of the powerful United Steelworkers are believed already to have rejected him.

Casey ran strong in 1968, leading the ticket in winning the office of state auditor general. He expresses views on few state or national issues, preferring to concentrate on the auditor general's responsibilities and to please the county leaders with carefully assigned patronage. Some dismiss him as a machine "hack," cloaked in a "modern" image. Others point to his anti-Vietnamese war position and his strong stand for party reform at both state and national levels. Few liberals are impressed. NDC people, though they do not dislike Casey, believe that only a Shapp victory can advance liberal policies and genuine reforms in the party structure.

The question is whether Casey will move enough to the left to blunt Shapp's appeal, or whether Shapp can find enough support in his liberal, anti-organizational constituency to take over the party and then win the governorship. Shapp can only be encouraged by the election returns from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

ROCKEFELLER REPORTS

HALF RIGHT ON LATIN AMERICA

RICHARD O'MARA
Mr. O'Mara, who formerly reported from Latin America, is an editorial writer on the Baltimore Evening Sun.

In 1958 Dr. Milton Eisenhower journeyed to Latin America at the behest of his brother the President. Vice President Nixon, on an earlier visit, had been spat upon in Caracas and roughly treated in various other capitals. Understandably, President Eisenhower wanted to know what was wrong down there.

Dr. Eisenhower, a studious and concerned man, went through Central America and returned home somewhat unsettled. His impression was that relations between the United States and Latin America had indeed deteriorated, and that a major reason for it was the increase of Soviet propaganda. A few months later William P. Snow, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, told Congress that not only were the Russians out-propagandizing us in Latin America; they were by their technical assistance program subverting the historical "special relationship" between the two halves of the hemisphere.

There were other alarm ringers at the time, and not all of them at home. In April 1960, Colombian President Alberto Lleras Camargo warned that if the United States did not begin to take an active interest in Latin America's social and economic development, the whole continent might be convulsed by a Communist revolution. President Eisenhower was not deaf to all this: he formed a committee to look into the matter and then returned to bickering with the upstart revolutionary regime just establishing itself in Cuba.

I recall all this not so much as a refresher course in recent history as to demonstrate the seeming immutability of Washington's attitude toward Latin America. The play has been altered slightly; the characters have changed; essentially the plot is the same. The leitmotiv remains: action-reaction.

Several months before President Nixon moved into the White House, the Peruvian Government of Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado seized the American-owned International Petroleum Company. The General also refused to pay for it. That was the action. Mr. Nixon's reaction was like that of his Presidential mentor. He decided to find out what was going on down there by dispatching Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller on a fact-finding tour.

Mr. Rockefeller's journey was even more tumultuous than Nixon's had been eleven years earlier. The facts he found were even more disturbing than those uncovered by Dr. Eisenhower: the revolution had crept closer; relations between the United States and Latin America were worse than ever; the "special relationship" was on the rocks.

The Rockefeller report correctly identifies the economic sore spots in Latin America, as well as the other sources of discontent—the rapid expansion in communications technology, the world's fastest population growth, urbanization, nationalism and the disproportionate number of young people in the population. At the same time, the Governor's findings are politically regressive.

The area's economic ills had been carefully diagnosed even before he set off on tour. They were contained in a document drafted by economic representatives of nineteen Latin countries at Viña del Mar. This consensus of Viña del Mar requested more direct United States aid for Latin America, specifically aid with no strings attached. It asked that the United States grant preferential treatment for Latin American primary products, finished goods and processed foods. It requested that President Nixon resist any attempts by special-interest groups to erect new tariff walls against such products.

Most important from the Latins' standpoint was the request for trade preferences. "Trade, Not Aid" became the slogan of the Punta del Este summit conference of American Presidents in the spring of 1967. In his report, Governor Rockefeller specifically urged that Washington first try to win agreement from other industrial nations to grant trade preferences to products from all developing countries. Failing this, he recommended that the United States grant preferences only to the Latin countries. President Nixon has agreed to go along.

To grasp how important this is, one must understand the peculiarly painful position of the Latin American countries in the arena of world trade. The United Kingdom grants tariff preferences to goods from its common-

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wealth partners. Products from the French-speaking African countries have free access to the European Common Market. The nations of Latin America form the only bloc of developing countries that do not enjoy preferences anywhere. The United States, they argue, should be their special customer.

But instead of becoming more receptive, the Latins have complained, the United States market gets tougher to crack. Venezuela, for instance, is perpetually upset over its diminishing share of the United States' oil import quota. The Brazilian Government is still smarting over the recent successful campaign by large American food companies to reduce the importation into the United States of Brazilian instant coffee.

The Latin American countries have always viewed direct government-to-government aid as a useful tool of development. But in recent years aid funds under the Alliance for Progress have diminished while, at the same time, Congress has laid on new restrictions which make the available money harder to get. Some of these restrictions are blatantly insulting; one even states that, before a government receives assistance, the Secretary of State must have determined that it is not controlled by the "international Communist movement." The most well-known and troublesome is the Hickenlooper amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act. It is a punitive measure, requiring that the United States cut off aid funds to any government that expropriates United States property and does not "take appropriate steps" toward compensation within six months.

The Rockefeller report suggests that those restrictions be removed which "interfere with the process of development or impugn the sovereignty of other countries." So far, possibly because he fears that the expropriations which began in Peru and Bolivia might be encouraged, the President does not seem ready to press for the repeal of the Hickenlooper amendment.

Mr. Nixon has followed a few of the report's recommendations for improving the aid program. Mr. Rockefeller had urged that the specific restriction that all aid loan money be spent in the United States be relaxed, and that the Latins be permitted to spend that money anywhere in the hemisphere. President Nixon did not go that far: speaking before the Inter-American Press Association on October 31, he said: "I am now ordering that, effective November 1, loan dollars sent to Latin America under AID be freed to allow purchases not only here but anywhere in Latin America." He thus excluded Canada.

It was a concession, but not much of one. Aid loans had not been untied, just loosened a little. The fact is, not much in the way of development material (tractors, earth-moving machinery, industrial plants, railroad cars, etc.) is available in Latin America. The countries must continue to do most of their shopping in the United States, where these items are considerably more expensive than, say, in Japan.

Mr. Rockefeller also asked for repeal of the provision that requires half of the goods financed by American aid funds to be transported in United States ships (which are expensive). Mr. Nixon disregarded this recommendation, but did agree to give the Inter-American Committee for Alliance for Progress (CIAP) "an increasing share of responsibility for development assistance decisions." And he met the New York Governor halfway by promoting Charles Meyer, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs to Under Secretary of State. Mr. Rockefeller had advised that Meyer, or someone else, be given full Cabinet rank. Most observers viewed this as a bureaucratic concession which amounts to little.

The Rockefeller report's analysis of subversion and revolution in Latin America is startling, for it recalls the fears of earlier days. One can almost hear echoing through its pages John Foster Dulles ranting against the international Communist conspiracy, the ponderous warnings by Dr. Eisenhower of Soviet penetration in Latin America, the ringing phrases of John F. Kennedy on the Alliance for Progress, which barely concealed his apprehension

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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over the growing influence of Fidel Castro in Latin America.

Now Mr. Rockefeller has pumped up Fidel Castro once again as a major threat to the hemisphere's stability. He offers what seems on the surface a practical rule of thumb by which the United States might conduct relations with the Latin governments—that is, equal treatment of all *de facto* governments, be they democracy or dictatorship. Here Mr. Nixon followed his envoy's advice, for on October 31 he announced that "on the diplomatic level we must deal realistically with governments in the inter-American system as they are." (Apparently Mr. Nixon's views have changed since he was Vice President and around the time of Dr. Eisenhower's trip, for he then favored giving an *abrazo* to the democracies while maintaining a cold shoulder for the dictatorships.) This implies nonintervention, and if adhered to strictly, would be an eminently sensible policy.

But nonintervention was far from Mr. Rockefeller's mind when he compiled his report. While in Latin America dodging rocks and sniffing tear gas, Mr. Rockefeller must have become convinced that the revolution had already arrived and that he was caught right in the middle of it. His report tells of Communist infiltration into student groups, labor organizations, the Church, even certain segments of the military. The elements he describes are the contemporary forces for change in Latin America, but Mr. Rockefeller, rattling the bones of international subversion, interpreted them as the forces of destruction.

Accordingly, he has urged that the United States increase its military assistance to help existing Latin American governments fight this rising tide of subversion. In his report he laments that military assistance to Latin America has dwindled from $80.7 million in 1960 (President Eisenhower's last year) to $21.4 million for fiscal 1970.

If the President follows Rockefeller's advice he will be leading the United States back to the cold-war years, the days of the mutual security pacts. One thing Milton Eisenhower learned was that a major reason why so many Latin Americans resented the United States was their conviction that Washington was much more pleased by the neatness and enforced stability of dictatorships (a more appropriate climate for investment) than by the sometimes unruly and rambunctious atmosphere of a Latin democracy. (President Eisenhower pinned medals on Latin dictators and threw lavish receptions for them in the White House.) And generous amounts of military hardware to the dictatorships certainly helped many of them stay on top.

President Nixon does not seem ready to start laying out American money to prop up military governments in Latin America. Perhaps he learned during his years as Vice President that this is a dead-end route. And so far he has not publicly mentioned Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion that a Western Hemisphere Security Council be set up as a planning body to counter subversion in Latin America. But the President has accepted Rockefeller's contention that Cuba is a generator of revolution in Latin America, and continues to support the ostracism of that country from the normal flow of hemispheric relations.

Several years ago, to be sure, the regime of Fidel Castro was abetting revolutionaries in Venezuela and Bolivia. Since then Cuba's outward reach has been withdrawn and it has turned in on itself, perhaps in recognition that its revolutionary activity was futile and expensive. In any event, Cuba is not the direct threat to the hemisphere it once was (if it ever was). But Castro's example has stirred revolutionary fervor in Latin America, and has touched all the elements of Latin society of which Rockefeller spoke.

In this first year of the Nixon Administration Latin America is not suffering continent-wide upheaval, but there is enough revolutionary action in certain countries to justify concern for the future. The United States has been the target of much of this action because large numbers of people in Latin America have come to resent the influence this country exercises in Latin American political and economic affairs—what Rockefeller describes as our "disproportionately visible role."

General Velasco in Peru and General Ovanda in Bolivia are not making war on the Standard and Gulf Oil companies. They are responding to long-held resentments among their people. The supermarket bombings in Argentina (all stores in the Rockefeller Minimax chain), the kidnapping of the American Ambassador in Brazil, the threats to nationalize the copper industry in Chile, these are all manifestations of a deeper discontent. The Latin Americans are not upset because they have been neglected by the United States. Rather, more and more of them have decided that, despite the Good Neighbor Policy and the Alliance for Progress, the United States has consistently taken more out of Latin America than it has put in.

"Thus," the Rockefeller report notes, "the rising drive for self-identification is naturally and inevitably leading many nations to seek greater independence from U.S. influence and power." But the so-called "special relationship" that Rockefeller would have the Nixon Administration improve has always been viewed by the Latin Americans as a one-way street, running north. Mr. Nixon has not indicated he means to reverse the direction, but he did meet some of the demands of the consensus of Viña del Mar, and he did accept some of the better suggestions in the Rockefeller report for improving United States-Latin American economic relations. That, at least, is a start.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 586)*

has reminded us that sorcery is again a real category. . . .

The establishment of the scientific bases of biogenetic engineering requires more than cash: it also needs men of talent and drive. There are plenty of other problems of scientific interest and of immediate human benefit to which a biologist can devote himself: Professor Luria has listed some of them. From these, we can easily identify the "major change of attitude" which he sees to be necessary in scientists: *not* to stick to an enjoyable line of research when its probable consequences are horrendous. . . .

Jerome R. Ravetz, Senior Lecturer in The History and Philosophy of Science University of Leeds

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Priming the Pump

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF INTERNATIONAL OIL AND THE UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES. *By Michael Tanzer. Beacon Press. 435 pp. $12.50.*

ROBERT ENGLER

Mr. Engler is professor of political science at the City University of New York. He is the author of The Politics of Oil: A Study of Private Power and Democratic Directions *(University of Chicago Press).*

"We have received the definite impression that most low-income countries would welcome a larger flow of foreign investment, sharing our belief that such flows would contribute to their faster growth. How can that flow be stimulated?

"There is probably very little more that needs to be done to encourage the flow of foreign capital into extractive sectors. By its very nature, such investment will be attracted to ore bodies and oil deposits. Investment climate plays some part in this decision, but there are probably not more than a handful of countries in the world where that climate is bad enough to deter investment in a really attractive mineral project. What can be hoped for is perhaps that countries with rich natural resources will be able to use their resultant bargaining power to increase foreign investment in internationally competitive processing and/or fabricating facilities.

"How can direct investment in other sectors be fostered? . . . Improving the position of the private sector as a whole is the most important single step to improving the climate for foreign investment in developing countries. We therefore recommend that developing countries take immediate steps, where consistent with legitimate national objectives, to identify and remove disincentives to domestic private investment."

From World Bank Commission on International Development, Partners in Development, 1969

Thus do portions of the recent Pearson Commission report echo conventional wisdom as to the virtues of a greater private investment flow for emerging nations. In most of the literature on this problem, the development of resources such as oil is seen as too costly financially and too advanced technologically to be undertaken by these nations themselves. Nonproducing countries are encouraged to import their petroleum needs, both crude and finished. This view, of obvious self-interest to the private forces controlling most of the petroleum industry and presumably of comparable benefit to the Western countries where these corporations have their headquarters, has received vigorous support from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the United Nations, and a range of studies by academics and private consultants. Against this preponderance of expertise, the challenges to the private prerogatives of the international petroleum corporations in such countries as Indonesia, Iran, Chile, India, Venezuela, Argentina, Peru and most recently Bolivia, emerge as the irrational or conspiratorial acts of ungrateful and deluded nationalists of the Left and the Right.

In this setting Michael Tanzer's book is a timely primer on the political economy of international oil and on the operations of the brotherhood of merchants who control this basic energy resource. Its special value lies in its instructive appraisal of the social costs for the developing nations' reliance upon privately produced and refined oil. The vantage point is that of an underdeveloped country seeking to combine rapid development with the maximum possible economic and political independence. Tanzer's ideological orientation is anti-capitalist (in the modern corporate sense). But a critical reader will have to deal with the substantial data set forth by the author and not simply with his interpretations. Tanzer is a knowledgeable writer who combines advanced academic training in economics with experience working for Esso Standard Eastern, an Asian-African affiliate of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

The author recognizes how central the role of oil is to the economic lives of the new nations. Tanzer regards energy as the fourth factor of production, to be added to the classic ones of land, labor and capital. He is highly sensitive to the relationship between economics and politics:

> Of all the commodities moving in international trade, oil is undoubtedly the supremely political one. Because most oil moves internationally, because the trade is of enormous monetary value, because huge profits are to be made, because it is a vital necessity to most oil-importing countries, because it is of crucial importance to the economics of the oil-exporting countries and the balance of payments of the developed countries—for all these reasons, the ordinary day-to-day flows of international oil trade are the resultants of enormous and conflicting political pressures among the companies, governments and international organisations.

To Tanzer this is an industry where the "economics" are simple and the "politics" complicated, where the focus, if one is to understand what is going on, must be upon the critical power relationships. In an area where so much of the writing is either narrowly technical or general and vague at the crucial junctures (and often subsidized by the industry), his study provides hardheaded documentation and a useful analytic frame for understanding the dilemmas of the developing nations and for weighing basic public policy alternatives.

Tanzer succinctly describes the structure of the industry and its method of exercising economic power. He sees the major corporations' high degree of vertical integration as the principal mechanism for maintaining monopolistic control over the world's low-cost crude oil. The ownership of affiliated refining and marketing companies in various oil importing countries provides essentially noncompetitive outlets for the highly profitable crude oil. "Of all the major commodities involved in international trade, crude oil has by far the largest gap between the average cost of production and the price."

The exporting countries are generally in relatively weak bargaining positions. No one source dominates the world supply. Each of the international corporations has holdings in at least several countries. The underdeveloped nations are highly dependent upon export revenues, and their leadership has done little to bring oil more centrally into their economic life by broadening the internal demand. The countries of the Middle East, North Africa and Latin America are not united in their dealings with the corporations. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has limited effectiveness; and even where it has been able to increase the incomes of its members, the individual governments remain as "essentially passive tax collectors."

In comparable fashion, the interests of the underdeveloped importing countries are subordinated to the profit-

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maximization objectives of the international companies. The local marketing affiliates have little incentive to explore for petroleum since so much of the profit comes from their imported oil. (Only fools or affiliates pay the posted prices.) Nor are they often eager to build new refineries within the importing country.

Underdeveloped countries are quite vulnerable to the economic boycotts which the corporations can invoke. They are also mindful of their general dependence upon the military, political and economic good graces of the Western powers, where corporations are closely linked to the public government. In the United States and Great Britain the international oil companies as a group are the most important single concentration of economic power. Petroleum investments account for 40 per cent of all direct U.S. investment and 60 per cent of all U.S. earnings in underdeveloped countries. This economic power has been accompanied by the political penetration of agencies for public policy formulation. A shared commitment to the blessings of "technology," to "free enterprise" and to "anti-communism" are also powerful factors in cementing the public-private alliance.

The leadership of the underdeveloped countries is quite aware of the serious drain upon their scarce foreign exchange and of the less tangible social costs of these unequal relationships. But the leaders are generally not very knowledgeable about the technical problems of oil and of the ramifications of the integrated corporate structure. The industry, in turn, does everything it can to perpetuate the *mystique* about the complexities of oil.

Tanzer is at his best in dealing with the arguments advanced against the alternative of a publicly owned and controlled industry. Through a general analysis and then specific case studies, the most detailed of which is India, he builds an impressive case for public investment in oil development. He debunks the twin myths of the prohibitive risk and great expense involved in oil exploration. He makes perfectly clear that the heavy investments which the corporations always emphasize should more properly be seen as an expectation of heavy profit.

> The question, then, of whether a country should "go it alone" cannot be solved *a priori* but only in the light of the specific possibilities and resources facing the underdeveloped country. There should be no presumption that oil exploration is beyond the means of a country nor that if the government does not undertake it private companies will. To the contrary, the presumption should be that an underdeveloped country cannot afford not to undertake an oil exploration program. This is because, viewed in the light of a social rate of return on investment analysis, oil exploration has uniquely attractive features for economic development.

The real cost of producing oil is relatively low; and, thanks to the current high prices maintained through the monopolistic control of the corporate giants, potentially 90 per cent of the value of the crude oil produced can be used for reinvestment in the economy.

Tanzer's case for publicly built refineries is persuasive. Such refineries would have the freedom to seek the lowest cost crude oil—regardless of corporate or national origins—on terms most favorable to the countries' broader financial needs. The refineries could be located and operated in harmony with the countries' own overall plans for development rather than those which fit into the worldwide private planning of the industry. Returns could be earmarked, at least in part, for investment in those economic activities which in turn would heighten the demand for oil.

Tanzer is fully aware of the political consequences of his economic recommendations. His case studies of India, Mexico, Cuba and Iraq indicate the complexities and pressures involved in developing such policies. Within the underdeveloped countries, reformers and planners must be prepared to meet the resistance of those propertied elements who have a stake in the *status quo*, that is, in underdevelopment. And there will be little sympathy from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the United Nations.

The author is not sanguine about the prospects for these countries' gaining full control of their energy situations. But he does see a number of hopeful signs. Rivalries within the industry sparked by the pressures of the newer overseas companies, the growth of oil consumption in the new importing nations, patterns of cooperation among underdeveloped nations in such areas as fertilizer production, the easing of cold-war tensions, and a general nationalist restiveness in Socialist and non-Socialist countries all make for more maneuverability in mounting an effective resistance movement. As a closing political note, he hopes that a coalition of underdeveloped nations, oil exporters and importers, will pressure the United Nations General Assembly to play a positive role in developing oil projects.

Certain premises and illustrations could be amplified. Do the current headlines about oil take-overs in Latin America indicate that Tanzer has overstated the effectiveness of the deterrents to nationalization? What are the implications for the private planning of the industry and the public planning of underdeveloped nations when such actions come from the Right rather than the Left? (Edith Penrose of London University has speculated that the international companies conceivably might come to accept "voluntary nationalization" and prefer contracts to ownership if they were to conclude that the demands of the producing countries could become too costly, unpredictable or threatening to their worldwide private arrangements.) If what some oil experts have seen as the "stabilizing weight" of the major corporations in keeping crude prices high is effectively challenged by a combination of factors (including political militancy and new reserve discoveries), what bearing will this have on Tanzer's argument that a public oil industry could carry much of the cost of an economy's development?

A full-blown study of public planning for energy is beyond Tanzer's scope. His prescription on how an underdeveloped country can embark upon harnessing its own indigenous resources needs further discussion. When he says that "this can

TO FIND

Well, what, you ask, did you expect to find
there? Nothing, I say, nothing at all really,
probably less: dust, just dust—splintered
splendor, and not even its own or ours
at that. Moonshine!—ah, those Kentuck Billys,
good greeks, had the word for it. Later,
sooner than later, our final Feds will find
our hideout out, ourselves, the light years
and dark years before we find each other.
What else is there to find, any where?
You say that's not much. No, not much
maybe. Then say what else there is, at all.

JAMES L. WEIL

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be done particularly by using unemployed and underemployed labor and natural resources, and by increasing the savings rate so that a greater proportion of output can be invested," and that "such a policy does not necessarily imply greater autarchy, since part of the increased output can be channeled into exports to pay for importing foreign technology and goods," he provokes a range of political as well as economic questions. A startling and not unfamiliar one concerns the kinds of social and political controls required for such planning. To be exercised by whom? Over whom?

If Tanzer's book is not a blueprint for revolutionaries abroad neither is it a strategy for domestic critics of American directions. But the implications for a reappraisal of American foreign policy and the social forces that have helped to shape it are devastating. They suggest how far cherished notions about aid, trade and private investment, masked by our good feelings about our beneficence and by the god of national security, have contributed, in the short run, to making the underdeveloped world safe for corporate profits and to heightening the tensions between rich and poor, powerful and powerless.

A Partisan and Public Man

LITERATURE AND THE SIXTH SENSE. *By Philip Rahv. Houghton Mifflin Co. 445 pp. $10.*

MARK L. KRUPNICK
Mr. Krupnick is assistant professor of English at Boston University.

Philip Rahv is one of the best of that distinguished generation of literary critics —including Lionel Trilling, F. W. Dupee, Allen Tate and the late R. P. Blackmur —which emerged fully on the scene in the 1930s, and still influences the way most of us think about modernist writing. Rahv's best pieces—on Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Kafka, and on Hawthorne, Henry James and "The Cult of Experience in American Writing"—are among the most rereadable essays of our time.

The present volume gathers together forty-four full-length essays and shorter sketches, written during the last three decades. All the writers discussed in *Literature and the Sixth Sense* belong to the last 100 years or so; there are novelists and critics but no poets. The main areas of interest are European novelists, especially the Russians (Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Chekhov); American literature (including shorter pieces on Henry Miller, Bellow and Mailer); and critics and critical theory. Sad to say, the valuable discussions of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Possessed* have not been reprinted here; they are to appear as chapters in a projected longer study of Dostoevsky.

Rahv is best known as an editor, since its founding in 1934, of *Partisan Review*. These are very much the writings of a partisan and public man who is as much concerned about influencing cultural debate as in elucidating texts. So this is literary criticism of a special kind: the essay as position paper, as a tactical exercise in a continuing war of ideas. Rahv acknowledges the influence of psychoanalysis, existentialism and anthropology, and he uses all of these resources of modern criticism to good effect; but his method depends basically on Marxism, with its stress on the social determinants of literature, the art object as it exists in the dimension of time. The modern consciousness of time, the sense of history, is the "sixth sense" of Rahv's title.

In cleaving to the Marxist critique of literature and society, Rahv has been almost a lone holdout among the critics of his generation, but the precise content of his radicalism seems to me problematic. As with other Marxist critics of the thirties, Rahv began with the dilemma of reconciling a revolutionary politics with an admiration for modernist writers of a decidedly illiberal political tendency. His solution has been to ignore the professed beliefs of these writers, as in the review of *Murder in the Cathedral*, where the play's "dessicated pattern" of original sin and theological salvation is detached from T. S. Eliot's radical critique of a dying civilization (ours, not Thomas Becket's). Or, as Rahv makes the distinction in an essay on Dostoevsky: "Reactionary in its abstract content, in its aspect of a system of ideas, his art is radical in sensibility and subversive in performance."

The solution to the discrepancy between the critic's politics and his aesthetics was found in the idea of the artist's "creative contradictions," the gap between the professed ideas and enacted meaning of a work. For this concept Rahv draws on Freud's distinction between latent and manifest content in dreams, and agrees with D. H. Lawrence: "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale." His general view of the modern imagination is summarized in one of the essays on Henry James: "In modern literature . . . it is above all the creativity, the depth and quality of the contradictions that a writer unites within himself, that gives us the truest measure of his achievement. And this is not primarily a matter of the solutions . . . but of his force and integrity in reproducing these contradictions as felt experience."

There are other ways of thinking about imagination. My own tendency is to think of James and Proust, and Wordsworth as well, in terms of the psychology of loss and restitution. Art is a mode of recovery—of the past, of "the lost stuff of consciousness," in James's phrase. This view places a higher valuation on imagination than Rahv will admit, with his antagonism toward a primarily aesthetic appropriation of reality. But in criticism, metaphors matter less than their application; and Rahv's dialectical method succeeds remarkably in practice.

I admire especially the first of the Hawthorne essays (1941), with its epigrammatic concision and wit, and its cogency of argument. Divided between a longing for experience and a dread of sin, Hawthorne "was haunted," Rahv writes, "not only by the guilt of his desires but also by the guilt of his denial of them." Noting Hawthorne's ambivalence toward the dark ladies of his tales, Rahv notes aptly that it is their beauty that Hawthorne cannot forgive. They must be condemned because they coerce his imagination. It is remarkable how much of importance Rahv gets said about Hawthorne and, generally, about the timidities of 19th-century American culture in this synoptic performance of 20 pages.

The wit and vivacity of these early essays are a reminder how much good criticism is like good talk, how much it depends on a community of interest and the free flow of ideas. In the years of the Moscow trials, the Spanish Civil War, and America's entry into World War II, Rahv was able to derive as much from ideologically conservative critics like Eliot, Tate and Yvor Winters as he had earlier from Trotsky. In the writings of all of them the problem of belief holds a central place. Thus the Hawthorne essay concludes with one of Rahv's excellent codas, in which he contrasts Hawthorne's religious imagination with Dostoevsky's, denying to the American writer the profundity of the Russian's consciousness of sin and evil, which "flows from a mighty effort to regain a metaphysical and religious consciousness" in a disintegrating society suffering —unlike Hawthorne's America—from a chaos of experience and a derangement of values.

This Augustinian protest against the city of man appears also in the coda

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to "The Heiress of All the Ages" (1943), in which the emblem of Henry James's worldliness—the American heroine's imperial dream of conquering the Old World—is contrasted with Proust's less idealized vision of the "great world," and his overcoming of it in art. James's Americans, in Rahv's view, have arrived so belatedly at their conversion to experience that they cannot afford the spiritual luxury of looking beyond it, of challenging its authority.

These large literary-historical generalizations are the most stimulating aspect of Rahv's work, providing a conceptual frame for the close studies of texture and formal design of most American criticism. But his pleasure in literary ideas accounts for a certain impatience with most American writing, in which private sensibility and experience count for more than general ideas. Rahv appears most at home with continental literature, and he defines his own critical preoccupations and methods most clearly in essays on two European men of letters, Arthur Koestler ("Homeless Radicalism," 1946) and Arnold Hauser (whose *Social History of Art* is reviewed in "Art and the Historical Imagination," 1952).

The most brilliant of the European essays are the two on Kafka, which—together with Austin Warren's study of Kafka's form—provide the best available short introduction to this difficult writer. "I have powerfully assumed the negativity of my times," Kafka wrote in his diary. In Rahv's essays the prophet is justified. His work is powerfully apprehended as that of the artist in whose very flesh modern history has inscribed its cruel meaning. Rahv summarizes Kafka's "nuclear fable" about a victim of an unknowable and unappeasable power, and is most interesting on Kafka's insight into modern man's alienation from his own nature and his intuition of the historic depletion of the modern ego. In his essay on Koestler, Rahv writes, "Nothing is ultimately so enervating as unreal positiveness," and he praises those ideas which "help, in Kierkegaard's phrase, 'to keep the wound of the negative open.'" Certainly few critical essays are as relentless as these on Kafka in probing that wound.

The closest Rahv gets to a positive statement of belief is in the portrait of Tolstoy ("The Green Twig and the Black Trunk," 1946) as "the last of the unalienated artists." He contrasts Tolstoy's Apollonian sanity—his wholeness, his objectivity, his rationality—with the "fetishism of art" of later novelists, with their mystifications and morbidity. Above all, Rahv's Tolstoy is the artist of the normal, a writer who derived his world view from the secular and skeptical 18th century and was immune to the various appeals of Romanticism. The young Tolstoy is even likened to Benjamin Franklin, with his program for self-improvement and his belief in a secular and wholly rational salvation.

The neo-classical preferences revealed in this essay make for the very solid strengths of Rahv's theoretical writings on the 1950s, cold-war documents on the insipid religiosity of that decade and attacks on the confusion of modes in critical discourse. "Fiction and the Criticism of Fiction" (1956), for example, very usefully notes the failure to distinguish adequately between the function of language in poetry and fiction in recent comment on the novel. But Rahv's distrust of Romanticism and what he elsewhere refers to as "the motley strivings of the inner self" leads in more recent pieces to an inflexible and punitive manner, as in the humorless scolding of Leslie Fiedler and especially in his vendetta against Norman Mailer.

In the most recent essay in this collection, Rahv notes of T. S. Eliot that there existed in him "an empirical critic of genius . . . as well as a fretful and conscience-ridden Christian preceptor." There is nothing of the true believer in Philip Rahv's make-up, but of late there has been all too much of the preceptor. He now seems trapped by a narrow and reflexive moralism wholly absent from his earlier work. His feeling for decorum has hardened to the degree that he can describe as "sensible" Eliot's *ex cathedra* dismissal of Lawrence. And Mailer is discussed not as a writer but as the symbol for everything Rahv detests in our present cultural situation.

But jeremiads do not take the place of concrete historical and literary analysis. In his attacks on neo-primitivism, pornography, narcissism and other heresies of contemporary Romanticism, Rahv begins to sound like Irving Babbitt struggling against the modernist flood in the twenties. The perverse subjectivity of recent fiction has its historical causes; and a doctrinaire pessimism is no better way of understanding them than a contentless religiosity. The fact is, indulged in long enough, saying no can also become a kind of religion.

Doctor Dapertutto

MEYERHOLD ON THEATRE. *Translated and Edited with a Critical Commentary by Edward Braun. Hill and Wang. 336 pp. $8.50.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

Meyerhold on Theatre is an important, many-faceted book. Meyerhold was a great director—the greatest in my experience as a playgoer. His theories and work anticipate many of the catchwords associated with *avant-garde* practices today. "If the theatre is finally to rediscover its dynamic essence, it must cease to be 'theatre' in the sense of mere 'spectacle.' We intend not merely to observe, but to participate in a *corporate* creative act." This call for what we would now deem "total theatre" was written in 1907.

When I saw some ten or eleven Meyerhold productions in Moscow and Leningrad (1934 and 1935) his career was approaching its end. He had begun as an actor in 1898 in the role of Treplev in the Moscow Art Theatre production of *The Sea Gull* and was also the first Tusenbach in *The Three Sisters*. Because of his campaign against naturalism, Meyerhold came to be regarded as an aesthete and even a "decadent" in the years before the First World War. But in 1918 he joined the Communist Party. He was then assigned Chief of the Theatrical Department for the entire Soviet Union.

On all occasions he spoke as a dedicated champion of the workers' revolution, even to the point of echoing on occasion the shibboleth of "Socialist realism" when that doctrine was introduced as integral to Soviet ideology in 1936. But his productions had very little to do with "Socialist realism." In 1937 *Pravda* published an article denouncing Meyerhold's theatre as "stylized, mystical, formalist." At a conference during that year Meyerhold was expected to admit that "his false political and artistic policies had led his theatre to total disaster." Instead he reaffirmed his theatrical credo. His theatre was liquidated in 1938.

Stanislavsky attempted to save him by appointing Meyerhold assistant at his opera studio. But with Stanislavsky's death in 1938 Meyerhold was arrested. It is commonly believed that he was shot in a Moscow prison in 1940. During the Khrushchev "thaw" Meyerhold was "rehabilitated" and it was possible for Soviet theatre people again to speak of him with respect.

In *Meyerhold on Theatre*, Edward Braun has collected the various essays, lectures, notes which Meyerhold had published from 1902 on. These papers have not been previously anthologized (in English). Braun, who has devoted

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five years to the study of Meyerhold's life and work, has so edited the Meyerhold papers that one can follow the course of his career in the context of the social scene before and after the Revolution. Braun has thus rendered the field of theatre knowledge an invaluable service.

It might be said of Meyerhold, what Picasso said of himself, that he did not seek but discovered. Meyerhold's work was nearly always fresh and new. It was not "experimental" for he was a master. Like Picasso, Meyerhold always struck out on new tracks, in apparent contradiction to his previous "manner."

Constant from the outset in Meyerhold's productions was the refusal to adhere to the "slavish portrayal of real life." He regarded the actor as the principal element in the theatre. The spectator was always to be aware that the actor was *performing* before an audience. Hence Meyerhold's defense of the *cabotin*, the mummer, the mime, the stage virtuoso, the divine "clown." He was opposed to the theatre as the "servant of literature." "In order to make a dramatist out of a story-teller," Meyerhold suggested, "it would be a good idea to make him write a few pantomimes. . . . The writer will be allowed to put words into the actors' mouths, but first he must produce a *scenario of movement*." At a later time he wrote, "The role of movement is more important than that of any other theatrical element."

As with Craig, Brecht, Artaud and Grotowski, Meyerhold's pronouncements are to a considerable degree hyperbole. He finally admitted as much in quasi-retraction of his boldest statements. Innovators in the arts often indulge in polemics, paradox and metaphors which say more (or less) than they mean. Such is the strategy of the vanguard. Thus Meyerhold, always an admirer of Stanislavsky whose productions were at the opposite pole from his own, ended by affirming that Stanislavsky was not the realist he had always been held to be. Still Meyerhold's initial championship of a decisively stylized theatre is typical of him. His theories planted the seeds of what has inaccurately come to be known as the nonverbal theatre.

He proceeded by way of Maeterlinck to symbolism. He then went on to productions of Lermontov and Molière—exquisite, dynamically decorative and either sardonically romantic or obliquely distorted in the direction of a conjuror's criticism of the societies which produced them. These tendencies—brilliantly original and captivating—gave way to the constructivism of the early years after the Bolshevik Revolution. Except for his masterpieces in the mounting of Ostrovsky's *The Forest* and Gogol's *The Inspector General* (the latter largely rearranged and somewhat altered in the writing) Meyerhold in his later period had little to work with in the way of sound dramatic literature. Yet he made some mighty fine plays out of exceedingly skimpy texts.

Some of these were propaganda pieces, but they were propaganda with a difference—I particularly remember one with a scene which gave me a greater sense of what it is to be caught in the midst of a battle then anything I've ever seen in the most elaborate of war films. There was such consummate skill and imagination in them that one felt oneself in the presence of epic drama.

Most of what I have described concerns only surface style, not content. The great director doesn't simply "do" plays supremely well; he has, like all true artists, a face of his own. No parallel between Meyerhold and the other notable men of his day or our own quite defines his quality.

It is not enough to say that it was compact with dash, irony, physical prowess, grace and a perpetually compelling vivacity. (Meyerhold fashioned a form of body training for the actors which he called "biomechanism.") Beyond and above all there was in his productions an aura of mystery and magic very nearly demonic. It gave everything he did a special glamour.

In his early articles Meyerhold repeatedly refers to the pre-eminence of Fate, that sense of life from which he believed the greatest art forms of the past emerged. In all his productions, lighthearted or grave, there was always something weird, menacing, which made all the dazzling display of the play's actions appear at once splendidly brave and tragic. He himself called this note of strangeness the grotesque.

He loved the nightmare world of E.T.A. Hoffmann, and chose "Doctor Dapertutto" (literally Doctor Everywhere), a character from one of Hoffmann's tales, as a pseudonym. Meyerhold was a masked man who with crafty artifices lured us to hellish realms which seemed to promise glory. He leaped from one enticingly dangerous peak to another. No wonder the proletariat on whose behalf he believed himself to be striving were suspicious of him; no wonder bureaucracy feared him and decided to destroy him. There was a Mephistophelean mockery in him, a challenge to complacency, to the doctrinaire, the academic, the momentarily fashionable.

This arch-sorcerer also rebelled against his apprentices saying that they were suffering from "Meyerholditis." At every crossroad he left them lagging in the dust behind. The Soviet establishment called his theatre "alien" and indeed it was, as every truly original art must for a time appear to be. It was therefore entirely characteristic of him when bid, in the Bolshevik mode, to devote a speech to self-criticism to begin by saying: "My entire career, all my productions, have been nothing but self-criticism. I never approach a new production without first shaking myself from the previous one."

Vivid and Dazzling

THEM. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 508 pp. $6.95.*

ANONYMOUS SINS AND OTHER POEMS. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Louisiana State University Press. 79 pp. $4.50.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

In 1966, a former student of Joyce Carol Oates wrote to tell her how much she hated her, envied her too, for her control in the classroom, for being "filled in" where the human ache should be, and for "knowing so much that never happened," for believing—so academically, so ignorantly—in literature and its "perfect form," when in reality the world is crazy and out of control. "I lived my life but there is no form to it," she challenged. "You write books. What do you know?"

Them is the story of this girl, here named Maureen Wendall, and of her brother Jules and her mother Loretta. Set in Detroit—that "hole with a horizon"—in the last three decades, it is, in part, a story of the crush of family life among the urban poor and, more deeply, of the radical anguish of all human relationships. *Them* is also a story of the folly and cruelty and, for the poor, the desperate necessity of the American dream of betterment. The book drills through almost immediately to that nerve of anxiety that forms part of all human beings simply by virtue of their being alive, subject to change, unsafe. And to Americans, especially, the Wendalls—so vulnerable in their self-conceited dreams of the future, so prone to defeat—will seem frighteningly familiar, nightmare versions of their own worst fears.

As the book opens, Loretta—16, pretty, naive, a child of the movies—exults that

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"anything might happen." Alas, only too true; impulsively, she invites a boy into her bedroom, and near dawn, while both are sleeping, her older brother shoots him in the temple, then runs off. Loretta wakens, screaming, to an explosion near her ear—and this book of disasters has begun. Fleeing out into the streets, she happens, at length, upon Howard Wendall, a young policeman whom she has known for years, and returns with him to the apartment. Howard, "agitated, red-faced, very strange," saves her. The price is marriage.

Sixteen years and three children later, when Howard is still climbing on top of her—"that fat bastard"—Loretta will lie about during the day puffy-faced in her soiled bathrobe, resting her can of beer on her belly; but like a hardy weed she'll still be hoping, in her own eyes pretty and 16 forever: "I want to get dressed and walk down the street and know something important will happen," she will say to her children, "like this man who was killed because of me . . . I wasn't meant to be like this—I mean, stuck here."

Her daughter Maureen, cold and intent, knows that at least *she* is meant for better things: in the 9th grade, feeling "nothing at all" like her mother at 16, she sells herself and hides her earnings in a book of poetry, living for the day that she can make her escape. Before this can happen, however, her mother's second husband spots her in a stranger's car, finds her money, awaits her return, bloodies her with his fists. Regardless, at least a part of Maureen *will* be free, will not be stopped—the part that soon thereafter steps down to the curb and "becomes vivid and dazzling, standing on the sidewalk with her head turned back at a painful angle, looking at Maureen on the bus, her face guilty and wild."

Even from this point, Maureen has far to go; and meanwhile her brother Jules—though more lively, charming, quick—fares no better. Every prize he reaches for comes down on his hand, a clamp; and of these the most binding is the rich girl he loves, who teaches him—what Maureen has also learned—how good it is to close one's spirit and go to sleep. Jules will wake again, and so will Maureen: testifying, possibly, to the stupidity, but also to the resilience, the heartbreaking heroism, of the human spirit.

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Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

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POEM

I pressed the red
leaf you gave me between
"It is dark
& the door is open to the depths"
At some time to awaken
from this autumn's earth's sleep.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Them has the historical validity and something of the factual discipline and verbatim reportage of a documentary—but how much more rare and deep it is than this black-and-white, shopworn term can suggest. For what *Them* really amounts to is an almost uncanny act of dramatic self-transmutation: it is not so much a literary performance as the compulsive product of a possession. Except for a few paragraphs of direct address—in which Joyce Carol Oates, that irrelevant personage, sounds quite outside her subject and unequal to it—the novelist, as such, does not exist in her novel. Neither stylist, architect, judge nor philosopher, she is simply, and astonishingly, *them*.

Had "Maureen" actually read her teacher's "books," she would have known that precisely such indifference to "perfect form," to wrought sentences, verbal tapestries, consoling symmetries of design, has been the risk and virtue of all Miss Oates's published work. The striking quality of this writer's imagination has always been its kinetic aspect of grip and gland, its way of entering her characters and grappling out their lives with them, its instant access to the psyche's confused and impossible needs, to the pain both of being connected and of standing apart. Above all, the pain of connection; for Miss Oates's characters almost always move in a thick, down-dragging element of human relationships, exposed, gasping, embattled, yet now and then surprised by their own cunning or violence, as if by some monstrous stranger in themselves who is yet more themselves than any conscious self they have known.

The history of the Wendalls thus came to Miss Oates as virtually an extension of her own imagination, like a novel that, terribly and unwittingly, she had somehow thought into actual life. So immediate, so relentless an imagination, is obviously limiting; it has no distance, no "order," no leisure for disporting with ideas or for making words couple with the alarming jolt of joining railway cars—no mind for tricks or patterns or any of the cross-word paraphernalia of sophisticated modern fiction. On the other hand, a novel like *Them* makes one realize how predictable and tiresome the artful novel has become, how it caters to both the novelist and the reader's pride in his own ingenuity, how merely life-dabbling it tends to be. *Them* reduces "literature" to virtually the dramatic level alone, but at that level it is so emotionally demanding and successful, so "hot" with life, so imposing, that, brought within its range, philosophical or aesthetic schemes, no matter how profound or elaborate, would shrivel at once, unable to bear the temperature.

This is not to say, however, that *Them* is a book without form. For Miss Oates's student was wrong: though her life was "endless," as she insisted, it did indeed have at least a narrative form, and Miss Oates not only adeptly makes her chapters rise to a climax, to still another fumble or recovery in the Wendalls' lives, but with great naturalness and surprise suddenly brings her novel round to what feels like a "close"—to a fragile, tender, shared moment of reprieve in the lives of Jules and Maureen.

When Miss Oates's potent, life-gripping imagination and her skill at narrative are conjoined, as they are pre-eminently in *Them*, she is a prodigious writer, one of the best we now have. But she is not often at her best, and has perhaps published too much, too quickly, been too little self-critical. She seems not to know when one or the other of her powers has gone dead. What must be said of *Anonymous Sins*, her first collection of poems, which has just come out in a handsome volume, is that the most important of her gifts, her dramatic imagination, seems shut off. Though about emotional experience, the poems do not connect with it but lie on top of it, curious inorganic aggregates of words:

We in love are a series of sleep
like ridges of rock moulded to the
soft convulsions of the brain.

Unfortunately, there is neither music nor sense here, and poetry must have one or the other.

The truth would seem to be that, a born novelist, Miss Oates needs the distance of objective characters—that distance which she so astonishingly overcomes—in order to get her powerful imagination off the ground. And then how greatly her words take hold and matter, colorless though they may be in themselves. So it is with the words in some of the short stories, in parts of one of the earlier novels, *A Garden of Earthly Delights*, and above all and very wonderfully in *Them*.

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Certainly there are faults in this latest of the novels—but the book is written at a level so high above what mere cleverness or literary flair could reach on their own, that it could afford far more and far worse faults than it has. In this large, life-containing novel, Joyce Carol Oates definitely arrives, writing sustainedly at the top of her bent and with so much humanizing impact that a merely literary judgment comes to seem immaterial, though of such a judgment the novel need stand in no fear at all.

Philadelphia Street Players

JOE ADCOCK

Mr. Adcock, who spent last year in Palo Alto studying on a Stanford University professional journalism fellowship, has returned to the Philadelphia Bulletin *as a feature writer and reviewer of films and plays.*

Is theatre relevant? Next thing you know, jewelers and fashion designers are going to want to be relevant.

As far as many theatre people are now concerned, "relevant" means relevant to their own discontents. Witness the Living Theatre with its *Paradise Now*, The Performance Group with *Dionysus in '69*, the Free Store with *Che*. A theatrical reaction against discontents is often a novel show, full of thrills and titillation for the bourgeois theatre's jaded sugar daddy, old reliable audience—the $3, $4, $5, $10, $15-a-seat distraction seekers.

There's another kind of relevance going, however: Street Theatre. It harks back to a really old version of relevance, that of the classical Greek theatre or medieval churchyard plays.

Number one, it's free. Number two, it's designed to edify, to instruct, to fire up the audience with a few ideals. Number three, it's satirical. Number four, it's right in the neighborhood, within walking distance, not off in some strange place where you sit elbow to elbow with strangers. In fact you don't sit at all. You stand.

Street theatre is going on in several cities, New York and San Francisco among others, but I live in Philadelphia where I know it best. Philadelphia's Society Hill Playhouse Street Theatre comes roaring into hundreds of red-brick-with-white-stone-step row house neighborhoods every year. The advance man has put posters on telephone poles and in stores near the chosen intersection. Folks are expecting the show.

The troupe travels on a stake-body truck—their stage. Rock music announces their arrival. "A little magic, a little kindness. . . ." Aretha carols. The cast of ten, hanging over the truck's sides, shouts "free show! free show!" to pedestrians, stoop sitters and corner kids as they pull up.

This time they're pulling up to, say, Reed and Bouvier Streets in a black ghetto. A crowd gathers. The block association women are already out with a pot of boiled hot dogs. They're raising money to hire a bus to take the kids to Valley Forge for a picnic.

The first skit is *The Magicians*. The cast is integrated with perfect symmetry. There are four villagers, two white and two black, and two magicians, one white and one black. The all-black audience takes in the actors' easy interracial camaraderie. "That there's a white boy," one woman in the street says softly to another, nodding toward an actor who plays the husband of a black actress. The two women purse their lips for a moment and hold their counsel.

The Magicians is an allegory about the arms race in which sophisticated sorcerers (military technologists) talk innocent villagers into defending their security with increasingly dangerous weapons. Finally there's an accident and everyone is killed by a creepy, crawly miasma of greenish vapor. Like many of the troupe's pieces, *The Magicians* is performed in pantomime, while a narrator, on tape, tells the story.

Leaping out of the death scene, the master of ceremonies tells a dazed-looking audience that the foregoing drama is not a true story. "But it could happen," he says. He picks out a wide-eyed 3-year-old in the front row, points, and adds, "*To you*!" The players exit amid giggles and applause.

The next act is about a spunky ghetto lady named Madame Alberta K. Johnson. Rhea Wilkerson plays Mme. Johnson. Miss Wilkerson, who is a Get Set teacher by morning, has added a red fox scarf, a pink hat with a big flounce on top and a pink parasol to her basic black costume. She comes on very colored. The audience shows its delight at every pause—"All *right*!" "Tell it, honey!"

The lines, by Langston Hughes, include these about paying rent:

. . . Before I pay
I'd go to hell and rot away.
The sink is broke, the water don't run.
You ain't done a thing you promised
to'v' done.
. . . The kitchen floor squeaks,
there's rats in the cellar and the attic
leaks.

Next comes an anti-war skit. On the sound track a normal, optimistic American recruit reads a letter home in which he says things aren't so bad, he misses mom's cooking, thanks for the cookies. On stage there's a slapstick mime of the bullying of basic training. Oriental music comes on the tape. The boy is shipped overseas. He finally gets killed. Phil Ochs's voice, singing, has the last word: rather than serving "your country in her suicide . . . treason might be worth a try. . . ."

"Yes, we get complaints," the street theatre's director, Mrs. Deen Kogan, admits. "People are sensitive. Lots of them have boys in Vietnam. But this isn't an anti-Vietnam play," she says without blinking. "It's an anti-war play. And after I've talked to outraged complainers on the phone for a while, we can usually agree that war is bad and we're both against it."

After the "anti-war play" there's a frenetic farce, set to nickelodeon music, about purse snatching, whimsical law enforcement, and citizens who don't want to get involved. The big moment for most of the audience came when the sweet, pigeon-feeding old lady socked it to the cowardly thief with her hefty handbag. Children squealed and women called, "All right! All right!" It seems obvious that purse snatchers are the object of a lively loathing around Reed and Bouvier Streets.

Then comes the finale. A gushing orchestral rendition of *America the Beautiful* is transformed into head-wracking electronic music in which cuckoo calls are a recurrent motif. On stage a farmer, a housewife, a factory worker, a cowboy and a "pretty stenographer at work in the city" are transformed into regimented zombies. Finally the zombies break out of their trance as the cast of *Hair* takes over the sound track, singing ecstatically "Let the sun shine in!"

After the people on stage and those on the street bugaloo a while, the M. C. thanks the audience. Hats, masks and bits of finery are thrown into gray plastic barrels. Costumes go onto a portable rack. Everything is heaved back onto the truck by the troupe itself and by two young assistants—a black boy with a copy of *Julius Caesar* sticking out of his hip pocket and a white girl wearing a Germantown Friends School jacket. In five minutes the street theatre players are off for another performance. That evening, after a delicatessen supper, there are two more shows.

The actors are paid $10 for each show; as much sometimes as $70 a week. They're what you might call "experienced amateurs." Most of them have other

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jobs. One works for the gas company, another is a jazz drummer, another is a lawyer. One of the women, a doctor's wife, is a housewife and mother, another is a model, a third is a secretary.

The group improvises its material. Money comes from the city, a foundation grant and private patrons. The pitch in fund raising is something like: "Street theatre makes the city a more pleasant place in which to live. It cheers the folks up." To city officials that means: "It cools, it soothes, it maybe makes riots less likely."

So is street theatre just circuses for the populace, contrived to keep things quiet? To the city council, maybe yes. Not however to the players themselves. Guerrilla theatre they admitted they're not. They don't go for confrontations. They feel friendly toward their audiences. But they are radicals by Philadelphia standards. They just like to think their propaganda is a pleasure to imbibe.

Only once have they run into censorship. In one skit they have a drunken, corrupt judge. "Horrors!" cried the local bar association. "You can't show the judge being bribed! What will that do to respect for law amongst your *hoi polloi* audiences!"

"Revise," said the city in response to bar pressure, without specifying how to revise. So the troupe put the bribe money in an envelope, rather than having it naked. "Revision of Skit Secured" gloated the bar association newsletter, and that was the end of that.

Most of Mrs. Kogan's mail and phone calls are of the "Thanks for the show, come back again" variety. Some audiences obviously resist the troupe's anti-war, anti-racism message. A man in a clerical collar was about the only person applauding at a water-front neighborhood where Ukrainian and Polish are still widely spoken. The crew-cut men, the teased-hair women, the whey-faced children just stared uneasily.

But the South Philadelphia Italians are something else. They go for anything that has style. The men—plasterers, tile setters, masons, with long hair and handle-bar mustaches—come home and change from spattered coveralls to bell bottoms and body shirts. Then they may stroll up the block to check out a street theatre performance.

Right next to the truck-stage is a weathered Wallace poster, tacked to a telephone pole. Applause and laughter punctuate the production, however, and when the show is over several young matrons in dazzling muumuus, a couple of them pregnant, jump up from their beach chairs and bugaloo with the cast. Their long, loose hair swings and hops.

As the players leave the stage, they flash the V-sign as usual. The audience flashes it right back.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

It is as well for the husband (Michel Bouquet) in Claude Chabrol's *La Femme Infidèle* that the police catch him out in the murder of his wife's lover. Moments earlier she had stumbled on evidence of his guilt, and as the police arrive she is walking down the garden to join him, with a spring in her step and the ghost of a smile on her lips that suggest she has found a delicious new way to be appreciated as a woman. I swallowed at the thought of the homicidal career that could be in store for this honorable man, intoxicated, as so many cuckolds are, by love for his beautiful wife.

This gives it away, I know, but I have no compunction on that score; Chabrol is not presenting a suspense entertainment, but a deft and appalling comedy of domestic interplay. On the surface, the family is elegant bourgeois, self-indulgent but restrained by taste, with manners so solicitous that they become a ritual of tact. The wife (Stephane Audran) is an admirable partner of her successful, cultivated, businessman husband. She is amused by their young son and devoted to his nurture; she presides over a serene home, is alert to her husband's needs, and warmly appreciative of his gifts and gallantries.

It is just that she has this need to lie with other men. It is not stated that she had been unfaithful before, but I think it. Her adultery is so divorced from her licit life, so driving and absorbing in an isolated segment of her character, as to suggest a compulsion verging on insanity. It would appear that her husband has not been a successful mate; he is quite man enough, but perhaps too constrained by adoration. I doubt, however, that any husband could have kept her within the precincts of matrimony. With her, infidelity is not a weakness but an appetite.

The quality of Mr. Chabrol's film is defined partly by the fact that almost none of this is stated. It progresses on a cushion of propriety, with handsome people moving easily through habitual forms and duties. The revelations spring from words unsaid, gestures interrupted; the lunacy is in the normalcy.

For the husband, of course, is as unbalanced as the wife. His aberration is control. He pays what must be called a courtesy call on the lover—himself a well-bred, considerate man—and their conversation is a miracle of embarrassment made tolerable by form. It is an accident of sentiment that precipitates the killing, there being nothing more spontaneously lethal than a man in perfect control of his feelings.

Chabrol's film is a splendid piece of maturity amid the current adolescent clamor. The acting is a gratification: Bouquet twitching with amiability; Mlle. Audran so well-behaved that her eroticism passes for poise. The film pays the audience the compliment of supposing that it will appreciate the grotesque in an atmosphere of decorum, will measure the truth of this extreme situation by reference to less drastic experiences of its own. *La Femme Infidèle* makes drama out of life instead of treating life as a show, and if it does not match, it at least calls to mind Chekhov's unblinking compassion.

A GAME

I am the people's Konrad Lorenz
from a window on 7th Avenue
Fabre of the day-time hours

but
that's BULL says my wife
don't stand naked in front'a the windows
the rapists are everywhere
and also our friends might walk by
(I love those strange inductions)

She means it's the girls in the mini-skirts I think
Can't see me up here I say

but that IS Bull , it's
simple exhibitionism.

I pretend jealousy in my wife
it's a great diversion
and makes me happy.

TOBY OLSON

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With Milton Ginsberg's *Coming Apart* we are back in the world of the film's concern with itself. I won't say that its content is insignificant, but it is a significance invented to be filmed. And that trickily. A hidden camera, we are to suppose, has been set up to face a sofa at a distance of about 5 feet. Immediately behind this furniture is a mirror that fills the entire space. So, except when the participants are on the sofa itself, we see them in a reflected room, which looks, however, like space beyond the sofa. Through the looking glass.

Or, considering the material, at a peep show. Joe Glazer (Rip Torn) is a psychoanalyst who is coming apart, and who has determined to record his disintegration via the hidden camera. It is not clear whether this device had been part of his professional apparatus, but the dexterity with which he adjusts it, undetected by his visitors, suggests long usage. This sort of thing could give psychoanalysis a bad name. Nor is it apparent what besets Glazer, but I would guess satyriasis coupled—as frequently—with libidinal inadequacy. (If Mr. Ginsberg can play at psychiatry, so can I.)

In any case, stripped of its camera-within-a-camera-in-a-mirror dodge, the string of episodes plays changes on the standard fantasy of pornography. That is, the ladies arrive upon the sofa in a state of garment-rending lust, or become so immediately upon being addressed by Dr. Glazer. He is avid but relatively supine. So go all dreams of the hungry male. There is also an orgy, which will give that sort of enterprise a bad name; only at gala nights on shipboard have I seen people work so hard at revelry. And there are a couple of episodes in which, obscurely, Glazer's chickens come home to roost.

The trouble with this picture, again like pornography, is that you know nothing, and therefore care nothing, about the people on hand. That state of affairs is made worse because the performers seem to have been hired less for their talent than for their lack of inhibitions. The camera-mirror business is entertaining for ten minutes; then one settles down to a long grind of distressing behavior by a crowd of unpromising strangers. An audience will take quite a lot of exhibitionism if it knows what the stakes are; lacking that data, the temptation is to cross the street and avoid the mess. I was never sure whether Glazer was really breaking up: it is as plausible to assume that he had shifted his occupation from therapy to stag movies. The trap in writing for the camera instead of for the audience is that this sort of ambiguity seems not worth resolving.

N.B.: Lest any of the above give readers ideas, I should add that *Coming Apart* is not explicitly a very dirty picture by present standards (implicitly, by innuendo, it is dirty enough). The line of vision is fixed and most of the grunting takes place off camera. One scene, in which Sally Kirkland rides Torn's knee, may recall seamy days in the nursery, but otherwise one gets a good deal of display and not much action.

In the end, Miss Kirkland heaves, I think, an ash tray into the mirror and the drama is resolved. Cripes.

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RECORDS / David Hamilton

BERLIOZ: *Te Deum*. Franco Tagliavini, tenor. Wandsworth School Boys' Choir. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Nicolas Kynaston, organ. Colin Davis, cond. Philips SAL 3724. $5.98.

Irlande, Op. 2. *Le trébuchet*, Op. 13. *La mort d'Ophélie*; *Chant de la fête de paques*. Soloists; Monteverdi Choir. Viola Tunnard, piano. John Eliot Gardiner, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL-305. $5.95.

La mort de Cléopâtre; *Sara la baigneuse*, Op. 11. *Méditation religieuse*, Op. 18. No. 1; *La mort d'Ophélie*, Op. 18. No. 2. Anne Pashley, soprano; St. Anthony Singers. English Chamber Orchestra. Colin Davis, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL-304. $5.95.

Berlioz spoke of the *Te Deum* as one of his "architectural" works, and made use therein of some of his most audacious structural ideas—notably in the *Dignare*, in which the overall harmonic motion is laid out according to an arbitrary, nontonal plan, although the short-range motion is quite traditional. The similarity to the organization of the opening pages of Boito's *Mefistofele* is striking, and—given the other evidence of Boito's debt to Berlioz—almost certainly not coincidental. The "architecture" is almost audibly present from the opening bars, with their alternating orchestra and organ chords (strictly speaking, Berlioz wanted the organ to be at the audience's rear), which seem to test and define the limits of the space to be filled with sound; eventually, the opposite limits of audibility are also examined. For all that his motivation often seems more literary than musical, the success with which Berlioz carries off even his most arbitrary ideas affirms his great aural sensitivity. The new Davis recording is immeasurably superior to the foggy old Beecham version (the engineers' fault, not Beecham's), except for a weak tenor soloist, and the sonic problems are well solved by the excellent recording.

The other two discs fill in a number of gaps in the recorded Berlioz literature. SOL-305 is less interesting, for the *Irlande* song series is neither skillfully made nor well performed, and the sensitive setting for voice and piano of a French version of Ophelia's death does not spring to life until one hears the chorus-and-orchestra version on SOL-304—the pallid piano tremolos and wispy refrain do not "sound" until transferred to strings and winds. The solo cantata

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on Cleopatra's death lost Berlioz the Prix de Rome in 1829, but not for the reasons that it now seems flawed (e.g., an excessively stately repetitiveness); surely the pictorialism of the final pages, which now seems to us prophetic, was what offended the judges. Finally, there is one masterpiece unearthed: *Sara la baigneuse*, a virtuosic setting of Victor Hugo for multiply divided chorus and orchestra. The performances on the record conducted by Davis are quite satisfactory, although an even better recording of the *Mort de Cléopâtre* can be found on Columbia CMS-6438.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2; Overture to *Genoveva*. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-36606. $5.98.

There have been fewer Klemperer recordings in recent years, and not all of them measure up to the standards of concentration—or, indeed, of orchestral execution—that made the bulk of his output in the years around 1960 a unique contribution to the recorded literature. This recent Schumann release shows some deficient ensemble, and there is a contretemps of tempo in the slow movement that should not have been let pass; but through most of the symphony (and all of the overture) the extraordinary clarity of phrase articulation is still to be heard. In a work so heavily reliant on dotted rhythms, Klemperer's monumental steadiness is especially valuable, and the clarity of chord voicings—as in the slow introduction, where each instrumental choir retains its character—is even more important than the occasional retouchings of orchestration in elucidating Schumann's thought. As on some other occasions (for example, his recording of the Mahler Fourth Symphony), the tempos, although individually unexceptionable, don't quite add up satisfactorily: with the fast movements on the slow side, and the slow movement on the fast side, there isn't enough variety overall. A flawed but illuminating performance.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Sonatas 7 & 8; Two Pieces from *Romeo and Juliet*. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CS-6573. $5.98.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Sonata No. 7. SCRIABIN: Piano Sonata No. 3. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia MS-7173. $5.98.

The disparity in quality between the two Prokofiev sonatas is striking, although not more so than the difference between the two performances of the Seventh Sonata. "Socialist Realism" in the latter work consists mainly in saying relatively simple things and saying them often, whereas the Eighth Sonata leans heavily on an alternative formulation of that doctrine: saying things that other people have said, but with minor differences. The fine line between parody and pastiche is frequently crossed in the later work, with embarrassing results, whereas the Seventh Sonata maintains a certain level of interest by its harmonic adventures (in the first movement) and virtuosic inventiveness (in the *Precipitato* finale).

Even without the evidence of his flip liner notes, one can tell that Gould doesn't take the music very seriously; his cocktail-piano clichés (rolled chords and "expressive" delays, especially in the slow movement, already dangerously soupy) underline the music's least attractive elements. Ashkenazy, on the other hand, clarifies phrase structure and manages to generate textural interest in even the sparest transitional material. A further difficulty with the Gould record is its overheavy bass sound, which tends to drown out important upper-register material. (The Scriabin sonata is not one of his harmonically exploratory ones, nor does it present serious formal problems; Gould's facility at clarifying counterpoint is welcome, although this is not really a central issue in this music. Surprisingly, Gould phrases the slow movement tunes more convincingly in their elaborately decorated versions than in the original statements.)

LETTER TO THE RESISTANCE

I have swum in clear sweet
waters all my days. . . .
— *Theodore Parker*

At a certain bend
in the Pine River

we tie our canoes
to overhanging boughs

and slip into the clear sweet waters.
Our flesh gathers with the current.

We test our footing.
One can't stand still

in this stream. Either
you let it pull you down

or you swim against it.
And even then one can't

expect to go far upstream.
It is enough

that with every muscle moving
in perfect time

you keep among your friends
and the canoes.

JONATHAN SCHWARTZ

Ultimately, the most satisfying part of these records is the two bands devoted to "encore-piece" arrangements from Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* ballet—extremely skillful exploitations of piano sonority, without formal pretensions, and played to perfection by Ashkenazy.

Other recommended recordings:

BACH: Harpsichord Concertos, BWV 1052-65. Gustav Leonhardt, Anneke Uittenbosch, Eduard Müller, Janny van Wering, Alan Curtis, harpsichords. Leonhardt Consort; Concentus Musicus. Telefunken SCA-25022. $29.75 (five records).

DEBUSSY: *Images* for Orchestra; *Danses sacrée et profane*. Alice Chalifoux, harp. Cleveland Orchestra. Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia MS-7362. $5.98.

ELGAR: Introduction and Allegro, Op. 47. Serenade in E minor, Op. 20. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG-573. $5.95.

LOEWE: Ballads. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 139416. $5.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade for Strings, Op. 48. *Souvenir de Florence*, Op. 70. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG-584. $5.95.

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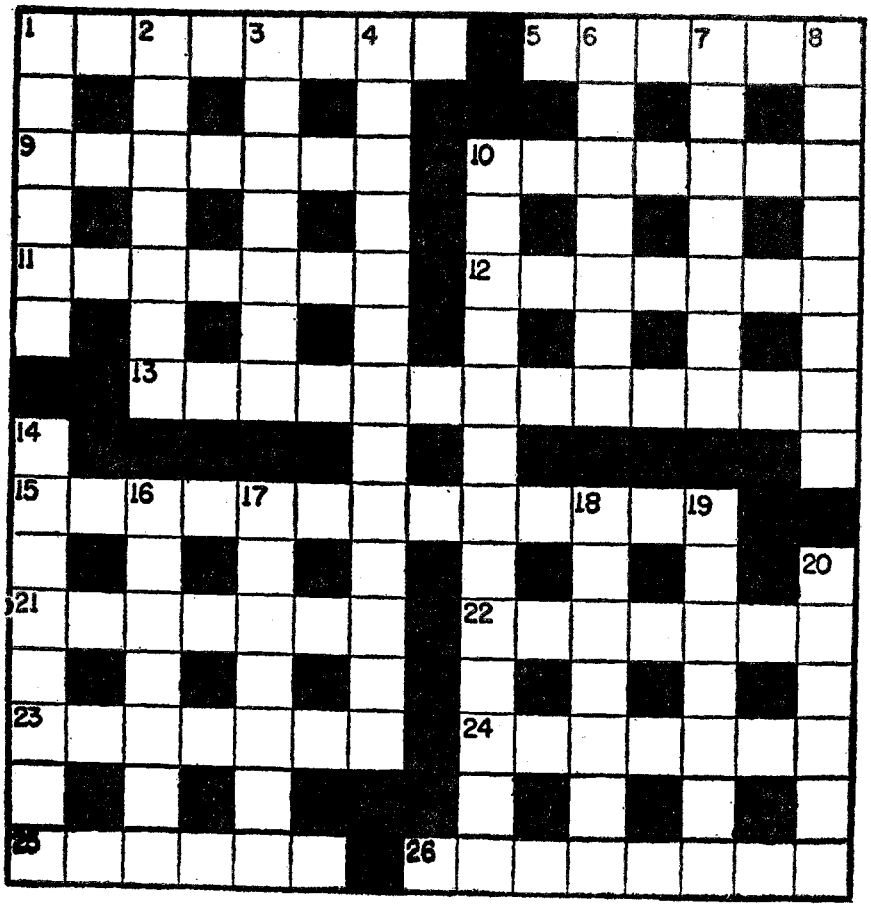

ACROSS

1 One might not expect such a party to carry a broken spur get up. (8)
5 Not a good bet, as a matter of sound lessons. (6)
9 Cordial, but only at a fair revaluation. (7)
10 Possibly goes aground in such a state. (7)
11 Common jail, and one who should be there? (7)
12 Swallows like this, as a way of finding a soft spot. (7)
13 A source of trouble between the Twenties and the Forties, possibly. (10,3)
15 They might fall in April to presage June activity. (6,7)
21 It's strange, but I'm in our part of Africa now! (3,4)
22 Sounds like a cruel way to take an interest in something! (7)
23 The sort of hint not found in a way to prevent crowding. (4,3)
24 Stuck with the answer? (7)
25 See 6 down
26 Ask Barnaby, possibly, how it is to be reluctant to grant anything. (8)

DOWN

1 Points about a translation one might copy. (6)
2 Telling behavior of some old dogs? (7)
3 Keep oneself from getting air? (7)
4 Probably about eight hours, and possibly on the floor. (8,5)
6 and 25 across Doesn't prepare the dinner correctly, possibly because there was too much toasting before it. (5,2,1,5)
7 It might be stretching, but you can see what a double quintet could do! (7)
8 What one could do with a good plug! They shouldn't hold things forever! (8)
10 Perhaps no state's rights if they do! (13)
14 One could rule this to be equivalent to a sort of artisan, as at some mix-up about the hotel perhaps. (8)
16 Ore smelted with most of 21 proves more accommodating. (7)
17 No nurse, however qualified, could be so essential to a body. (7)
18 The one that got away? (7)
19 Seemingly headed more or less this way in a boat so propelled? (7)
20 Ooze. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1322

ACROSS: 1 Cross-grain; 6 Scum; 10 Rooters; 11 Putters; 12 Understatement; 14 Arranged; 15 Screen; 16 Endows; 18 Tellable; 22 Money in the bank; 24 Growled; 25 Entrain; 26 Date; 27 Underrated. DOWN: 1 Corrugated; 2 On order; 3 Steering wheels; 4 Rosette; 5 Impute; 7 Cleanse; 8 and 23 Massaged; 9 Stamp collector; 13 Unreckoned; 17 Drop-out; 19 Extreme; 20 Blatant; 21 Midden.

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The Mystery Of The Missing Majority

Finally a clue to the whereabouts of the silent majority. Take a look at the letters column in this week's NATION. One of our readers, Ruth Goldberg, reports how her letter to the President denouncing his recent speech on Vietnam was answered by his office with a thank you note! The President appreciated her support.

How many of the much publicized "congratulatory" letters really condemned the President's speech? Has the Administration forgotten how to read, or has it suddenly developed a sense of humor?

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